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VOL. I—No. II

DECEMBER, 1936

CONTENTS

(All Stories Complete)

HARE AND HOUND.....by GEORGE E. BRENNER

The Clock again! A sinister figure of mystery. The police want to know his name.

DAUGHTER OF THE APES.....by VICTOR J. DOWLING

Brailey of the Tropics meets wierd adventure far north of the Congo jungle.

SMUGGLED TOYS.....by JOHN A. PATTERSON

Inspector Scott took the trail in Chinatown and it lead to the stamping ground of Rat Larson, hoodlum of the high seas and China coast.

EASY JOB.....by JOE E. BURESCH

He said his name was "Free" Smith and he smoked his way into their confidence. A yarn about the Coast Guard—and revenue men.

BUCKAROO BRAND (A Complete Novelet).....by W. M. ALLISON & BUCK RINGOE

A puncher wins a spread and a herd with the turn of a card, and—it brings him and his partner face to face with Red River Brent of the rustler bunch.

THE MONSTER MAN.....by ARTHUR PINAJIAN

A new Dick Kent yarn. Here Dick stacks his life against the death mania of a madman.

THE CHRISTMAS KID (A Complete Novelet).....by BERT CHRISTMAN

A great story of gold and snow and men gone "beasts" in Alaska, wherein the Kid swaps lead with a killer pack.

THE RED RAIDER.....by E. McD. MOORE, Jr.

Hill tribes swarm on the outpost like wolves to a slaughter, but Lieutenant "Smoky" Battle led his bullettieres with Yankee courage to dare the Rango chief.

Funny PICTURE STORIES is published monthly by Comica Magazine Company, Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Editorial Office, 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Application for second class entry pending at post office, St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Subscription price: One (1) year, 12 issues, in the United States and its Possessions, and Canada, \$1.00. Single copies, 10 cents.

All subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to this magazine at 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. The Publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited drawings or manuscripts, but will exercise due care in handling same. Drawings and manuscripts to receive consideration must be accompanied by postage sufficient to insure their return to owner. This magazine printed in U. S. A. and entire contents copyrighted 1936 by Comica Magazine Company, Inc. For advertising rates address William J. Delaney, Eastern Representative, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., or T. W. Farrell, Western Representative, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.




HARE AND HOUND.

by
GEO. E. BRENNER.

*A story in which the
Clock has two faces.*

A MYSTERY FEATURE - COMPLETE



---YOU MEN KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO, ABOUT THE CLOCK, AN' THAT'S NOTHING. WE HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE TO WORK ON, BUT I WANT YOU MEN TO COVER THE CITY, AN' TH' FIRST THING THAT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BRING ABOUT HIS ARREST, PHONE IT IN, I WON'T LEAVE THIS DESK---NOW GET GOIN'---**AN' I WANT HIM BROUGHT IN!**

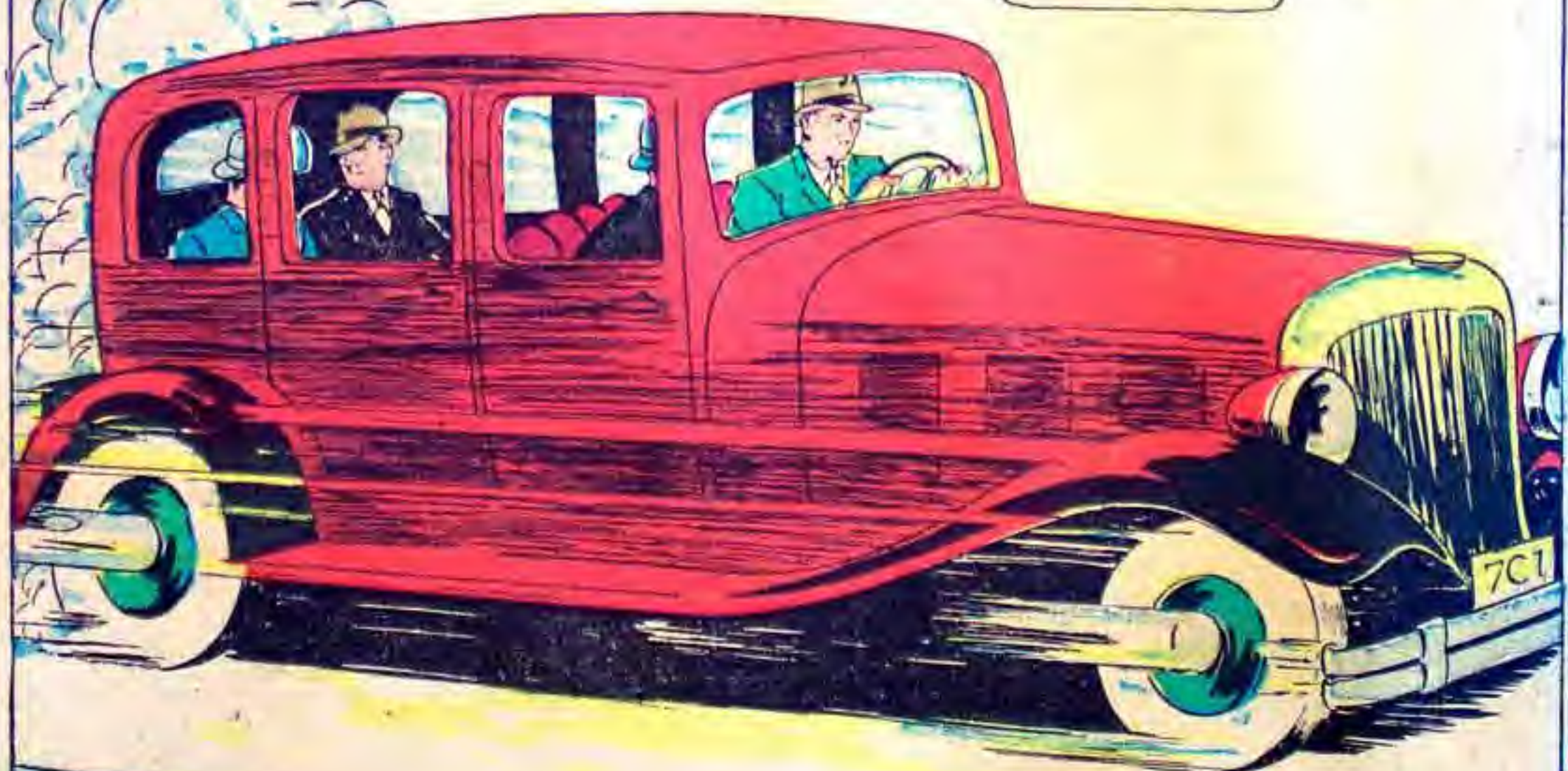
HEINTZ!-- GET
THE CAR READY, AN'
PUT EXTRA ROUNDS
IN IT FOR EVERY-
BODY-- SCOOT!



GET THIS, - THE
CLOCK IS GOIN' TO
PAY A VISIT TO
J. PERRY GETMORE,
IN OTHER WORDS,
THIS ARREST IS MADE
TO ORDER - C'MON,
FRITZ IS HONKIN'!



- WHAT ADE YA RACIN',
TURTLES? -- C'MON--
STEP ON IT!



12 HOURS OF THIS —

RINGGGG

I KNOW, — I KNOW--
YOU HAVEN'T FOUND
ANYTHING YET, BUT
YOU'RE STILL ON
THE JOB!

GAD!-- I'LL GO
NUTS, IF SOMETHING
DOESN'T TURN UP
SOON!

RINGGG

HELLO!-- WHO? -- MR. HEMINGWAY
OF THE CITIZEN'S
WELFARE COMMITTEE, --
YES---- WELL, I'M DOING
THE BEST I CAN AND---
OH, SHUT UP-- NO-NO
NOT YOU MR. HEMINGWAY,
--IT'S THESE PHONES,
--OKAY-- G'BYE!

RINGGG

HELLO ---
WHAT!
RIGHT AWAY---

O'MALLEY!-- COHEN!--
HEINTZ!-- QUICK!



O'MALLEY, - COVER THE REAR OF THE HOUSE, - FRITZ, YOU WATCH ONE SIDE AND COHEN, THE OTHER -- I'LL GO INSIDE WITH OLD MAN GETMORE, -- AN' TAKE NO CHANCES!

OKAY, CHIEF!

HELLO, MR GETMORE, -- WHAT'S TH' DOPE ON THIS CASE --

CAPTAIN, - YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME -- SAVE ME FROM THIS FEIND -- GET ME --

CALM YOURSELF, - YOU'RE SAFELY INSIDE A CORDON OF MY MEN -- NOW, GIVE ME THE STORY!

WELL, TO-NIGHT, ABOUT NINE-THIRTY, I ASKED BENSON TO FETCH ME A SANDWICH AND COFFEE - BEFORE HE RETURNED, I DECIDED TO HAVE A COCKTAIL, INSTEAD, AND CALLED HIM. - HE WASN'T OUT OF THE PANTRY A MINUTE AND WENT BACK AND RETURNED WITH THE REFRESHMENTS, - I STARTED TO EAT THE SANDWICH AND FELT SOMETHING TOUGH, - OPENING IT UP, I FOUND THIS, - HIS CARD --

LET ME SEE IT!



CAPTAIN! - W-WHAT - WAS THAT - -

SHHHH! - - PUT OUT THE LIGHTS -



-WHERE IS YOUR SAFE?

--M-MY D-PRIVATE S-S-STUDY-OFF THIS R-ROOM- OH-GG-G- -



OKAY, MR CLOCK, - YOUR TIME IS UP, REACH HIGH!



MR GETMORE, LIGHT TH' LIGHTS AND CALL MY MEN IN!

Y-YES, CAPTAIN!



WELL, MR. WHO-EVER-YOU-ARE! - - I GUESS THIS PROVES THAT TH' BEST OF US, SLIP UP AT SOMETIME!



DAUGHTER of the APES

A "BRAILEY OF THE TROPICS"
STORY - Complete -

by

VICTOR J. DOWLING



FAR IN THE NORTH OF THE CONGO JUNGLE JOE BRAILEY HAS CAPTURED A NUMBER OF RARE OKAPI CALVES, AND PREPARES FOR THE LONG JOURNEY BACK TO CIVILIZATION.



BANDA, I WANT TO MOVE THESE FELLOWS AS SAFELY AS POSSIBLE. I THINK OUR BEST BET IS NORTH TO THE OPEN PLAINS AND THEN WEST TO THE COAST



WE'RE MAKING GOOD TIME...A COUPLE OF DAYS AND WE'LL BE OUT OF THE JUNGLE

WHITE MAN - I, YOUR FRIEND, WARN YOU TO GO NO FARTHER--THIS IS THE LAND OF DEATH

WELL, I'VE BEEN THROUGH THIBET AFTER SNOW-LEOPARDS. THIS CAN'T BE SO MUCH WORSE



AS THE SAFARI ENTERS THE OPEN COUNTRY AND PREPARES TO CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, A NATIVE WITCH-DOCTOR COMES UP

YOU ALL HAVE HEARD OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE APES, - THE ALL-POWERFUL WITCH--THIS IS HER KINGDOM -- FLEE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE



AND THAT NIGHT AS THE SUPERSTITIOUS PORTERS SIT ABOUT THEIR FIRES



IN THE MORNING BRAILEY FINDS HIMSELF DESERTED EXCEPT FOR TWO LOYAL BLACKS





FAR OUT ON THE PLAIN A GREAT HOARY MANDRILL BARKS THE "ALL'S WELL" SIGNAL ..



AND A TROOP OF APES COMES INTO THE OPEN, ACCOMPANIED BY A HUMAN CHILD



AS THEY FEED, A LEOPARD SLINKS OUT FROM A THORN BUSH TOWARD A STRAYING YOUNG ONE



THE GREAT CAT LEAPS



AND CARRIES ITS PREY INTO THE THORNY SCRUB, WHERE THE PURSUING APES DARE NOT FOLLOW



BUT THE CHILD OPENS A LOCKET THAT HANGS ABOUT HER NECK, AND WITH THE LENSES AS A BURNING GLASS SETS FIRE TO THE DRIED BRUSH



AS THE LEOPARD IS FORCED INTO THE OPEN IT IS TORN TO PIECES BY THE ENRAGED OLD MALES

YES BRAILEY, IT'S BEEN A HARD GRIND TRYING TO DEVELOP THIS COUNTRY - ESPECIALLY WITH THE WITCH-DOCTORS OPPOSING ME - I'LL ALWAYS BELIEVE THEY HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MY LITTLE DETTY... IT'S ONLY THE HOPE THAT I MAY FIND HER IN SOME NATIVE VILLAGE THAT KEEPS ME GOING



MEANWHILE - BACK AT CAMP JOE BRAILLY LOADS HIS ANIMALS ON THE WAGGONS



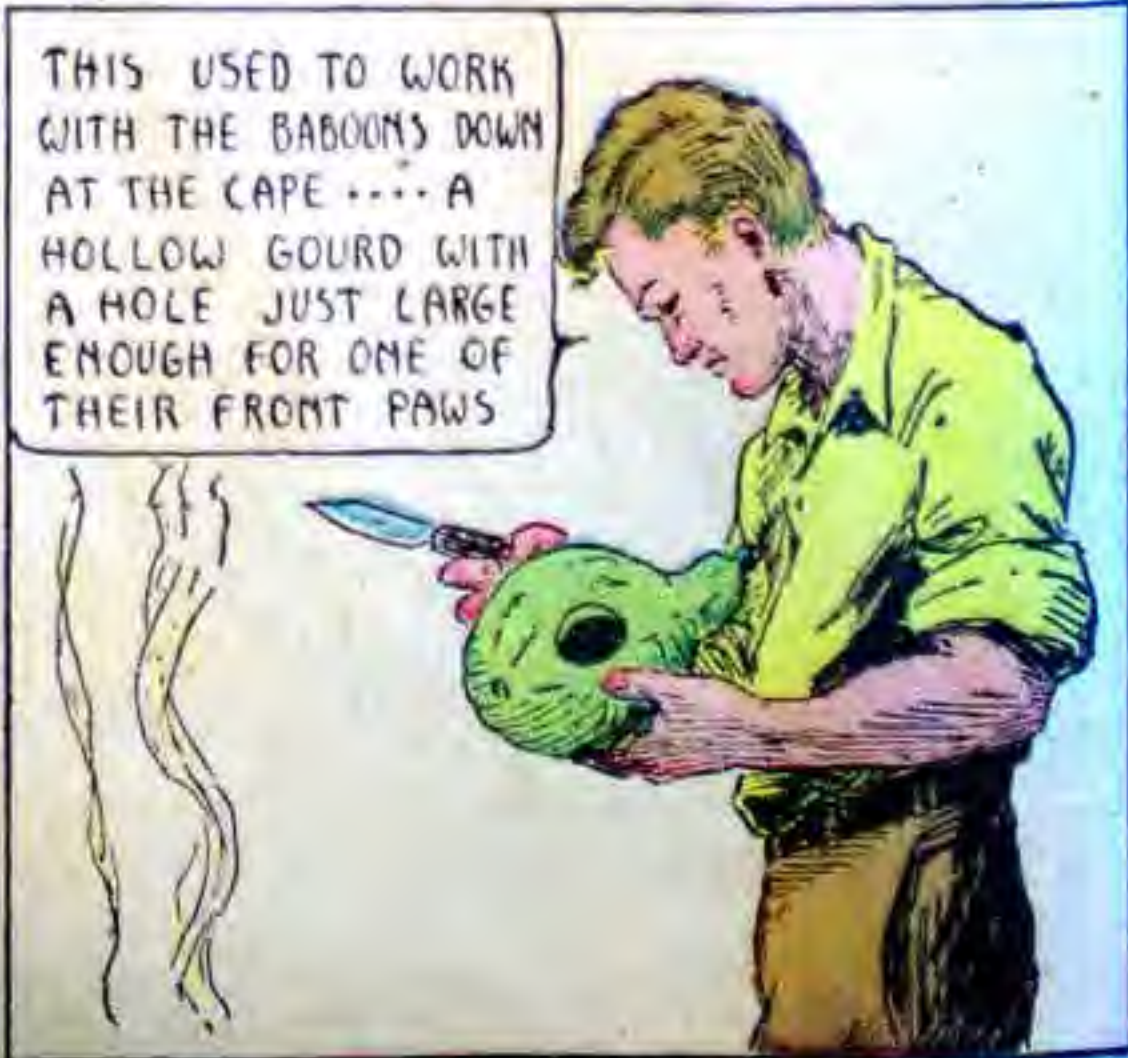
WHO'S THIS "DAUGHTER OF THE APES" THAT'S SUCH A BAD ACTOR

DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BRAILEY... SEEMS TO BE SOME OLD FEMALE MANDRILL... THE NATIVES FEAR THEM MORE THAN LIONS. AND THIS ONE TROOP APPEARS TO UNDERSTAND FIRE - LOOK! THERE'S SMOKE NOW!

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE .. IF I COULD TRAP THESE FELLOWS IT WOULD BE THE SENSATION OF THE WORLD



THIS USED TO WORK WITH THE BABOONS DOWN AT THE CAPE A HOLLOW GOURD WITH A HOLE JUST LARGE ENOUGH FOR ONE OF THEIR FRONT PAWS





EARLY NEXT MORNING THE APES GO TO THE TRAPS. THEIR FISTS CLOSED ABOUT THE BAIT ARE TOO LARGE TO PASS THROUGH THE SMALL HOLE, AND THEY STRUGGLE IN VAIN TO WITHDRAW THEM



QUICK! SOUNDS LIKE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING



DROP IT, ZUNI, LET GO!

SENSING THE SITUATION, THE CHILD SMASHES THE TRAPS THAT IMPRISON HER STRANGE COMRADES ...



HOLD ON, SISTER, - AND NO FAIR BITING

BUT, THUS DELAYED, SHE IS QUICKLY OVERTAKEN



BETTY! BETTY! OH, MY POOR LITTLE CHILD!

THE LONG WILD CHILD STRUGGLES AND SCREAMS IN TERROR ...



AND WITH A ROAR OF RAGE THE WARRIOR MALES TURN TO THE RESCUE



A SHOT FROM BRAILEY'S REVOLVER HALTS
THEIR HEADLONG CHARGE



ONLY THE OLD LEADER COMES ON

THERE, YOU OLD DEVIL!
THAT OUGHT TO COOL
YOU OFF A BIT



OH! OH! POOR
CHAKKA! POOR CHAKKA!



THE CHILD RUNS FEARLESSLY
TO THE FALLEN MONSTER

BACK IN
THE QUIET
OF CAMP
LITTLE
BETTY
GRADUALLY
RECALLS
THE MEMORY
OF HER
FATHER

THAT BLACK MAN WITH THE FUNNY HORNS
BROUGHT ME OUT HERE..HE SAID IT WOULD
MAKE YOU GO AWAY.. BUT THE BIG
MONKEYS DIDN'T HURT ME ..THEY ONLY
BIT WHEN YOU DISOBEYED.

CHEER UP, OLD FELLOW.
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER ABOUT
CAGE LIFE WHEN THAT
LUMP ON YOUR HEAD
GOES DOWN !





FEARING THAT HIS CRIME MAY BE DISCOVERED THE WITCH-DOCTOR HAS FOLLOWED THE WAGGONS



AND, HOPING THAT THE CHILD HAS NOT YET REVEALED HIS GUILT, HE STEALS INTO THE TENT



BUT, AT THE CHILD'S REQUEST, THE OLD APE HAS BEEN CHAINED CLOSE BY HER COT



BETTER TAKE HER OUTSIDE ... THIS IS A PRETTY MASTY MESS FOR CHILDRENS EYES

A MONTH LATER BRAILEY AND HIS OKAPIS ARRIVE SAFELY AT THE COAST



MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE LIFT, PARTNER

NOT AT ALL, BRAILEY... THANKS TO OUR TRIP THE GOVERNMENT HAS COMMISSIONED BETTY AND ME TO GO BACK AND OPEN THE OFFICIAL COLONIAL ZEBRA RANCH

LOOK! CHAKKA IS SMOKING A PIPE!



SMUGGLED TOYS

A COMPLETE THRILLING
SEA ADVENTURE BY
J. A. PATTERSON



INSPECTOR SCOTT WARE OF THE U.S. CUSTOMS RECEIVED A MYSTERIOUS FEMI NINE TELEPHONE CALL TO COME TO AN ADDRESS, IN THE HEART OF THE CHINATOWN OF A LARGE METROPOLIS, TO RECEIVE SOME INFORMATION ON A GANG OF SMUGGLERS OPERATING OUT OF THERE.





KNOWING RAT LARSON FREQUENTS A CERTAIN WATERFRONT HANGOUT, SCOTT ARMED WITH A FAKE SCHEME TO SIGN ON HIS FREIGHTER APPROACHES HIM.







THE BLACK HAWK REACHES ITS DESTINATION-A SMALL DIRTY PORT ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF CHINA.



SCOTT CABLES IN CODE THE INFORMATION HE HAS LEARNED SO FAR.



LARSON WASTES NO TIME IN GETTING LOADED FOR THE TRIP BACK.



THE BLACK HAWK AND ITS CREW START HOMEWARD AND REACH WITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE U.S. BEFORE SCOTT HAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO CHECK UP ON THE CONTENTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS RED LABEL CASES.



BLAST IT! I'M GROGGY
-I HEAR SOMEBODY COMIN'
GUESS I'LL HIDE IN TH'
TOP OF THAT CASE.



THE BULLET RAT THOUGHT WAS
FATAL TO SCOTT HIT HIS WATCH
AND GLANCED OFF HARMLESSLY.

GOLLY IT AM' DAWK
DOWN HEAH-W-WHERE
AM' DAT B-B-BODY?

LET IT
GO RIGHT
NOW-RAT'S
HOLLERIN'
FER THESE
CASES.



THEY'RE ALL ON
DECK, RAT!

WELL, PUT 'EM IN
NIG'S LAUNCH YE'
SWABS-WE AINT GOT
ALL NIGHT!

SAY RAT
WHATS DAT
COMIN'?



REACH FOR
TH' SKY YA'
SKUNKS!

OH MY
GOLLY,
GHOST'S

WHAT
TH-?



WHEN THEY TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO THE
LIGHT-SCOTT LEAPS OUT AND COVERS THEM.

HELLO CHIEF! HERE'S TH' WHOLE GANG
IN ONE LITTLE BASKET-AN' IF YOU'LL
BREAK ONE OF THOSE INNOCENT LOOKIN'
DOLLS YOU'LL FIND TH' ROTTEN DOPE
INSIDE THEY BEEN
SMUGGLIN IN!

NICE WORK
SCOTT-YOUR
PLAN WORKED
PERFECTLY!

LET'S PUT
ON TH' BRACE-
LETS DEARIE!

-I'LL GIT THAT
LOWSY CUSTOM
SHARK AN'-

NOT WHERE YOUR
GOIN' YOW WONT,
SONNY BOY!



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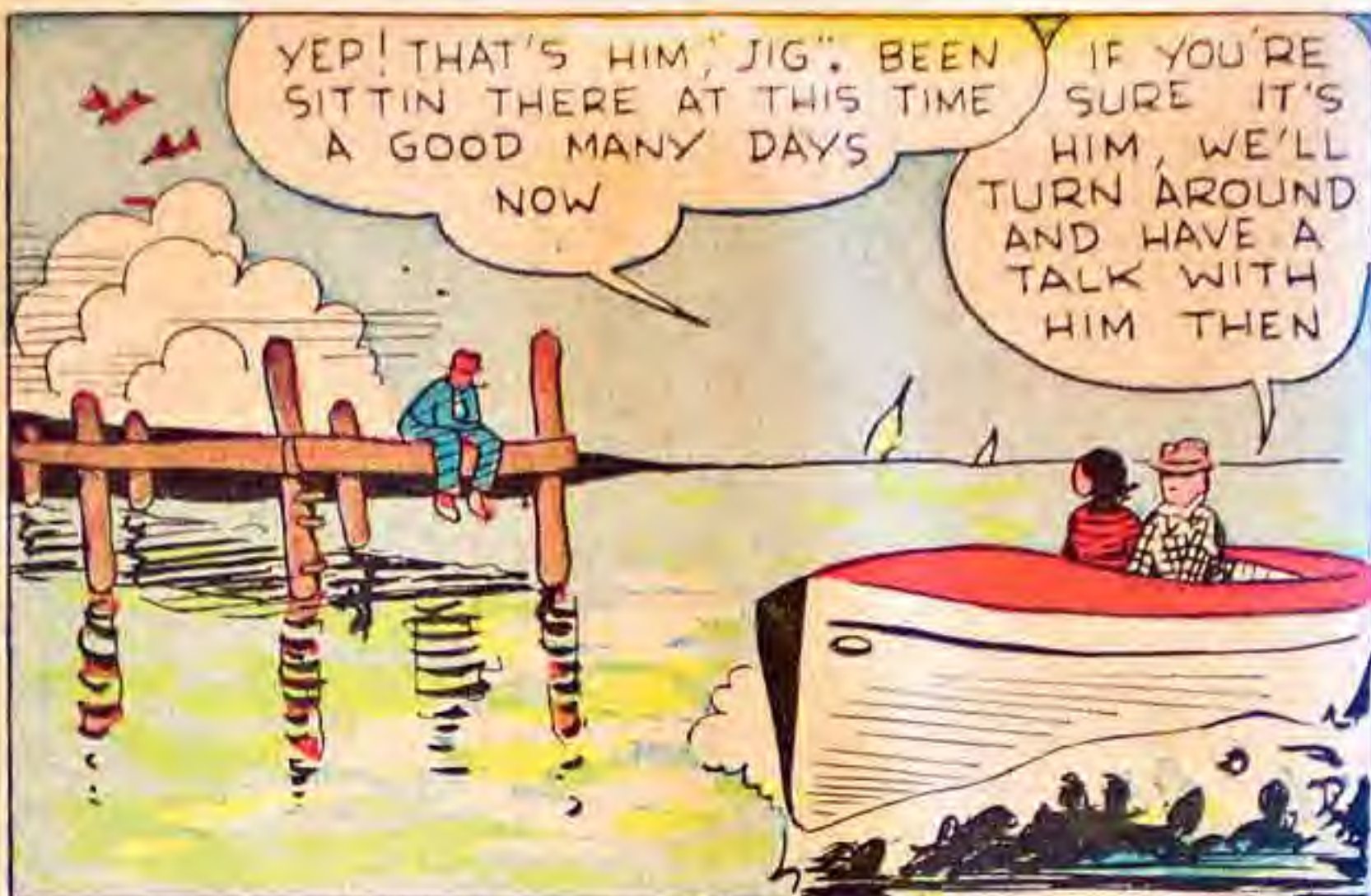
STREET NUMBER

CITY AND STATE

A
COMPLETE
FICTION STORY

EASY JOB

BY
JOE
&
BURESCH
*FIGHTING THE
SMUGGLERS*







BOTH ENTER THE HOLE IN THE TREE TRUNK, THEN DESCEND A BIT AND FREE IS ASTONISHED TO FIND A SMALL ROOM

THERE YA ARE, ENOUGH THERE TO LAST ABOUT TWO TRIPS.



HERE'S A "TIN". EACH ONE'S WORTH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN DOLLARS. WHY SHOULD WE WORK FOR A LIVIN' HANDSOME?



THEY'RE MAKIN' THEIR NEXT TRIP TOMORROW NIGHT. MAYBE JIG WILL TAKE YA ALONG

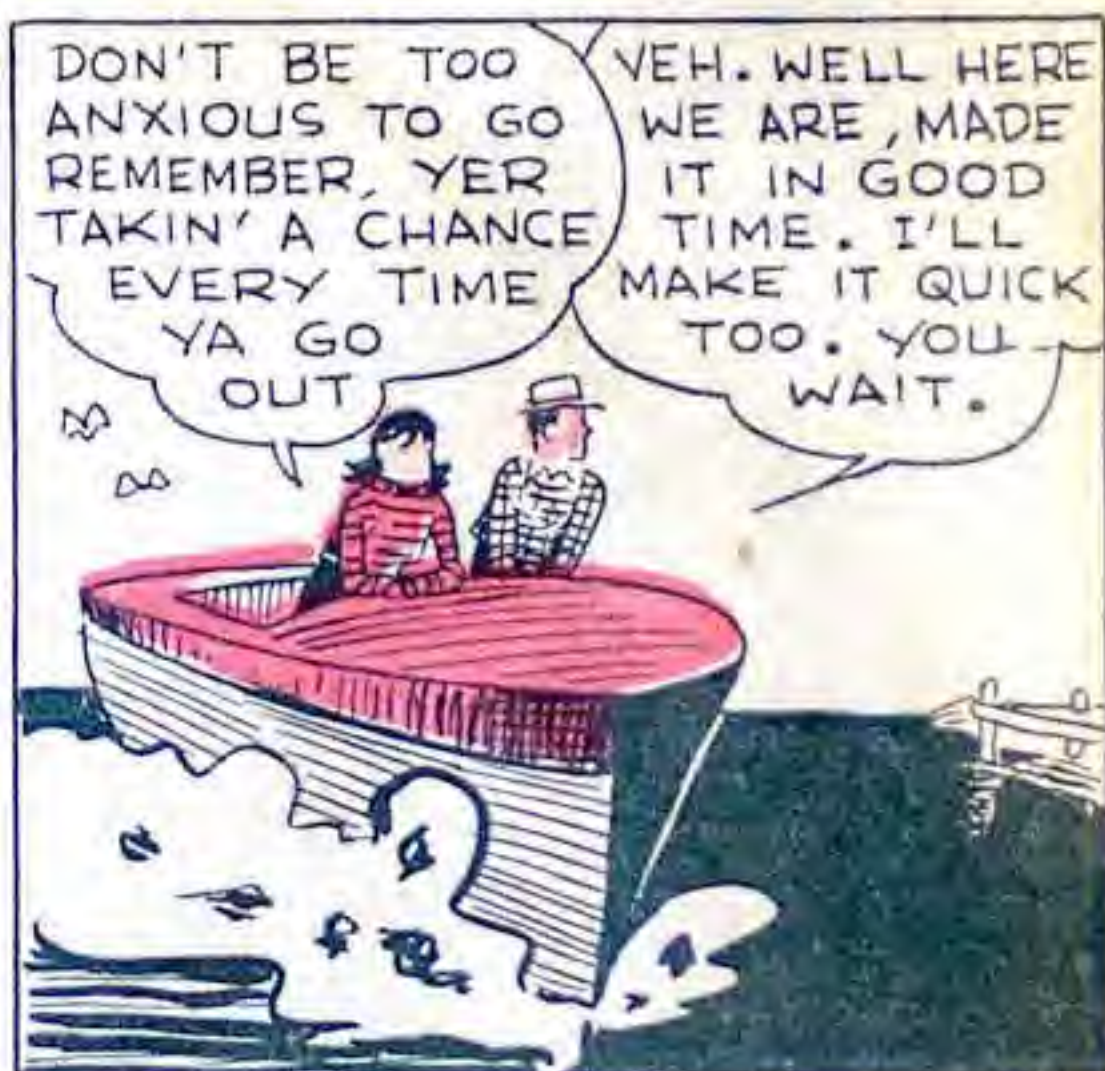
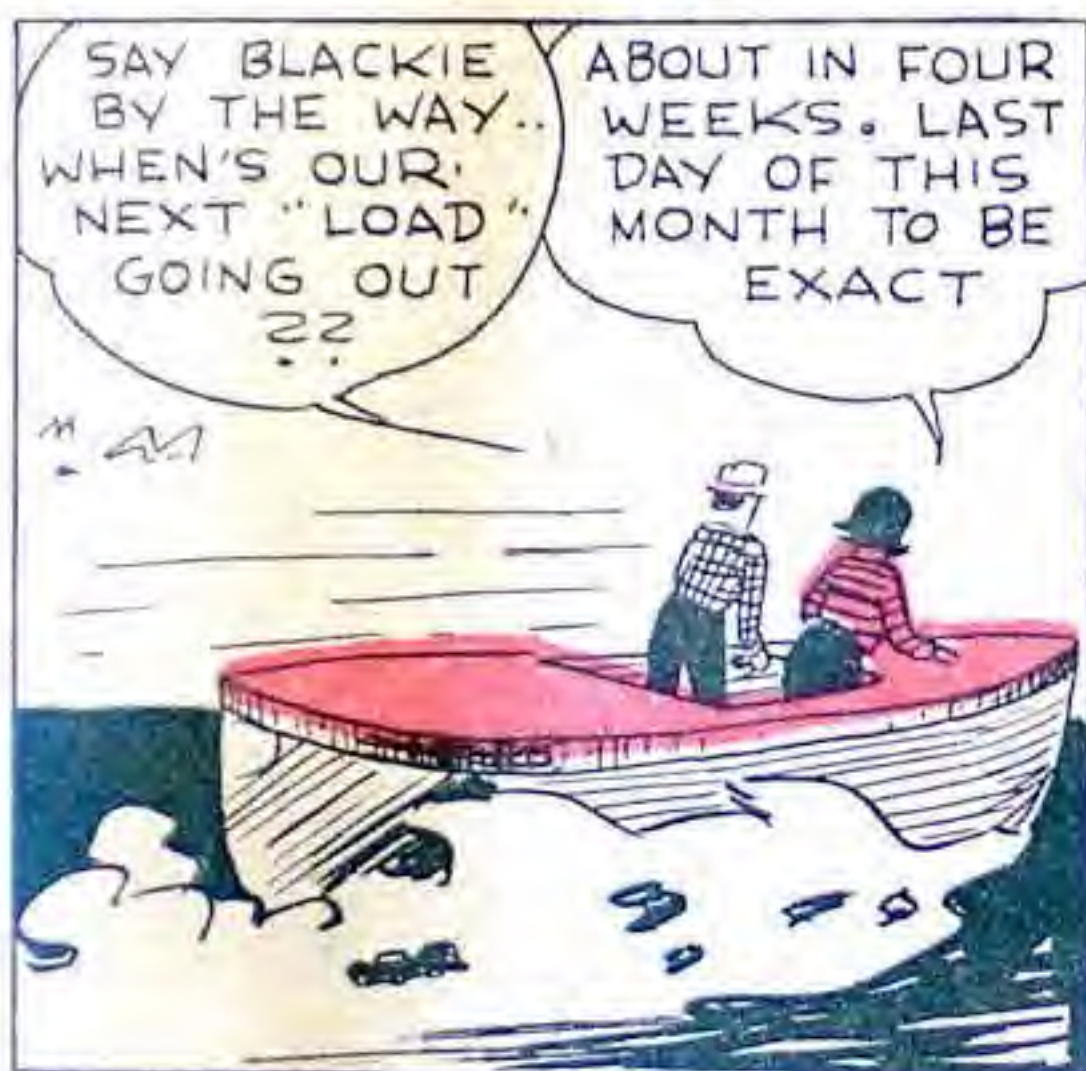


THAT'S TRUE ENOUGH, FREE IS TAKEN, THE NEXT NIGHT. A SWIFT MOTOR BOAT WITHOUT LIGHTS, LEAVES THE ISLAND



THEN ABOUT TEN MILES DOWN BAY, IT PULLS ALONG SIDE OF A FREIGHTER BUNDLES QUICKLY CHANGE HANDS, AND THE "PICKUP MAN" GOES ON HIS WAY









BUCKAROO BRAND

A COMPLETE WESTERN
NOVELET IN ACTION
PICTURES

By
W. M. Allison
& Buck Ringoe

YOU BEEN 'ROUND THIS RANGE
BEFORE, INDIAN -- AIN'T WE
GITTIN' NEAR THAT SPREAD
YET? HOW MUCH FURTHER
WE GOTTA RIDE?

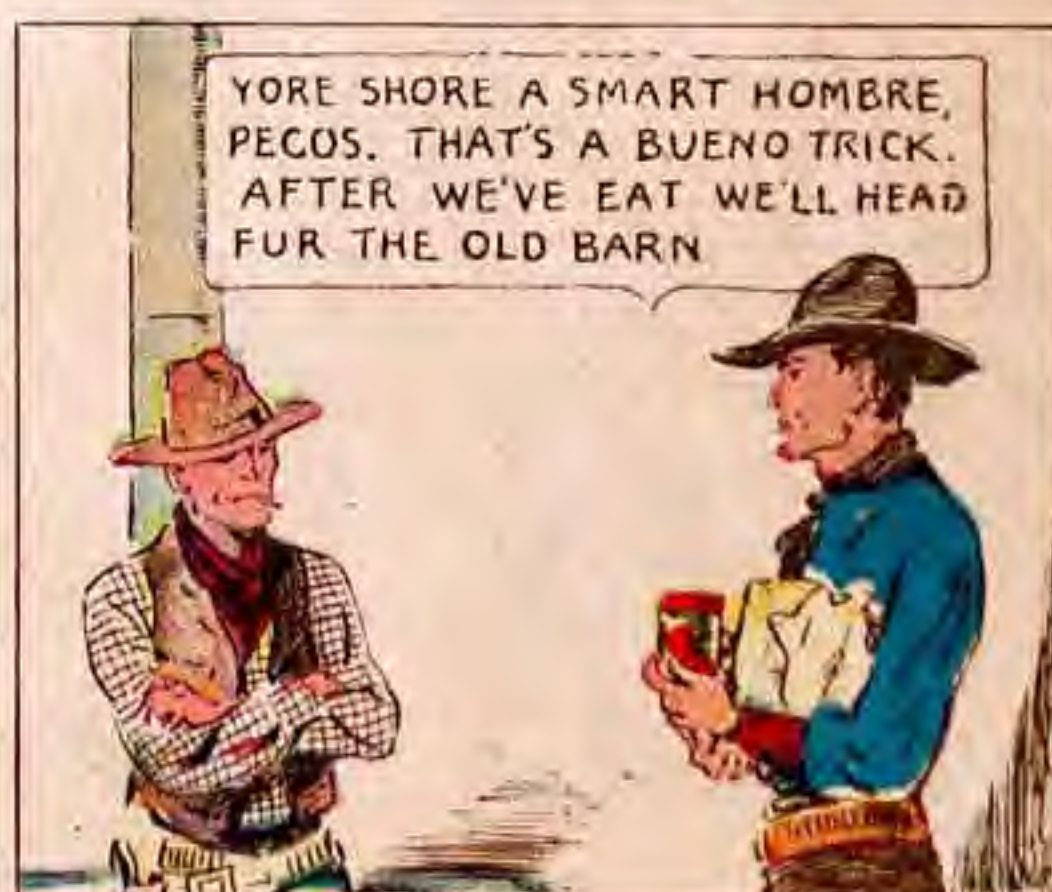
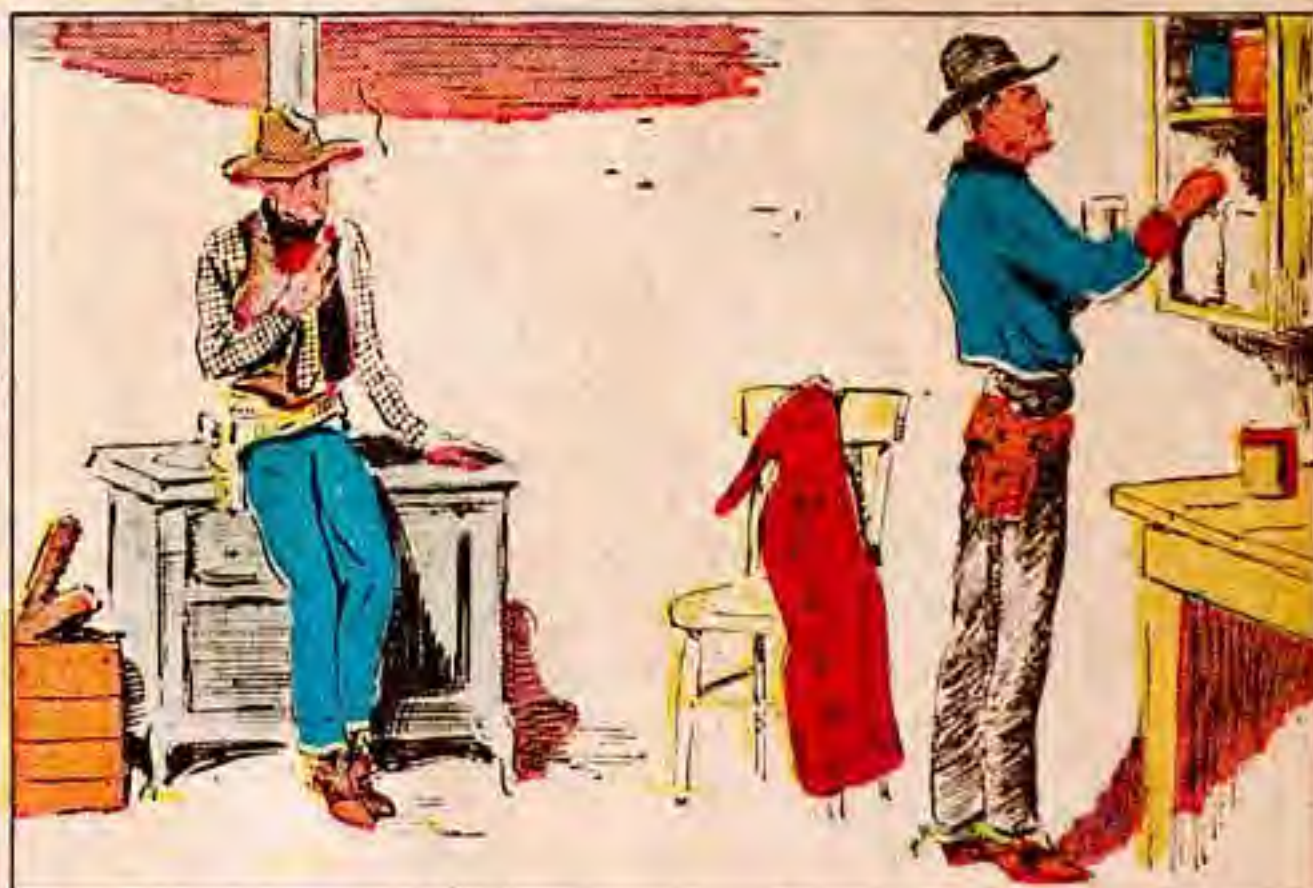


THERE SHE IS -- OVER YONDER UNDER
THEM TREES!





AFTER A COMPLETE SEARCH OF THE OLD PITCHFORK RANCH, INDIAN JOE FOSTER AND HIS PARTNER, PECOS MADDEN, DECIDE THAT NO ONE OCCUPIES THE RANCH, AND THAT THEY'LL BED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT. TOMORROW THEY AIM TO LOCATE THE SMALL HERD THAT GOES WITH THE SPREAD.

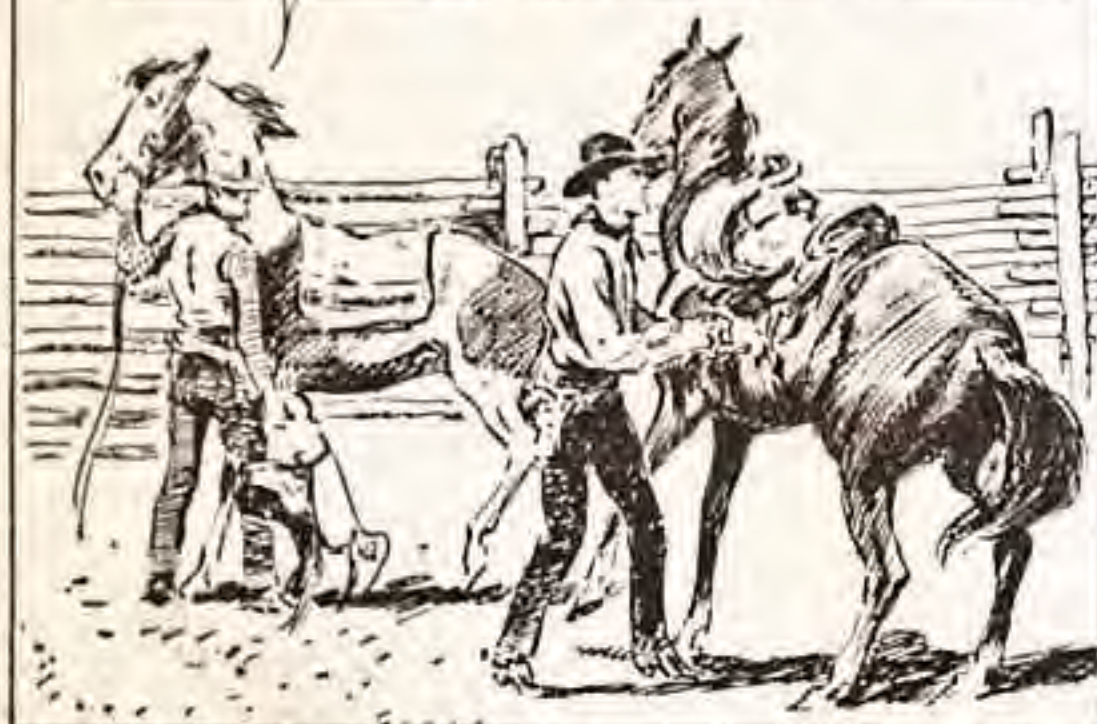


NEXT MORNING—

THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A COUPLE HUNDRED
HEAD O' STOCK WITH THIS LAYOUT, PECOS.
LET'S TAKE A PASAER DOWN STREAM A WAYS
AN' SEE CAN WE ROUND UP THEM CRITTERS.



I CAIN'T GIT IT OUTA MY HEAD, INDIAN.
THIS DEAL HAS GOT SOMETHIN' LOCO
'BOUT IT! IF WE FIND COWS YORE SHORE
THE LUCKIEST HOMBRE UNDER A HAT!



THERE WAS COWS, PECOS, AN' WASN'T
LONG TIME AGO. THERE'S TRACKS
LEADIN' INTO THE RIVER! SOMEBODY
LIKELY RUN 'EM OFF WITH NO
RIDERS ON THE PITCHFORK TO GUARD
'EM. LET'S RIDE SOME, COWBOY!



I KIN SEE COWS, INDIAN. ACROSS THE RIVER,
AN' BACK UNDER THAT RIDGE. MEBBE OURS, HUH?

RUSTLIN' STILL GOES ON, PECOS.
I'M TAKIN' A FOUR-EYED
LOOKSEE AT THEM CRITTERS!



CAIN'T MAKE OUT THE BRAND
PECOS, BUT THERE AIN'T NO
RIDERS HERDIN' 'EM.
WE'LL CROSS AN GO SEE!



INDIAN JOE BEGINS TO FEEL THAT HIS PARTNER, PECOS MADDEN, IS RIGHT ABOUT THE GAMBLER IN TULAROSA; THAT THIS SPREAD HE WON IS A DEAD MAN'S HAND. LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOME TRICK STILL UP THE GAMBLER'S SLEEVE. BUT INDIAN AND PECOS WILL PLAY IT OUT



THAT TULAROSA GENT'S MEBBE'S GOT SOME WANTED HOMBRES CACHED BACK IN THE HILLS WAITIN' TO DRYGULCH US. IF WE WAS DEAD, INDIAN, HE'S STILL GOT THE RANCH, AN' HIS VULTURES'LL CLEAN OUR POCKETS



I KNEW IT WAS SOME KIND OF A TRICK, PECOS, BUT I DIDN'T SAVVY THIS THING. FIGGERED HE WANTED US OUTA THE WAY AN' WE'D MEET UP WITH A KILLER BUNCH AT THE RANCH. EASY NOW! THERE'S THEM COWS!



PITCHFORK STUFF! LET'S RIDE IN CLOSE AN' TALLY THE BRANDS.

I'LL KEEP AN EYE SKINNED FOR BUSHWHACKERS. COME ON!



THESE CRITTERS BELONG TO ME.
PECOS, AN' COWS DONT CROSS NO
RIVERS 'LES THEY'RE DRIVEN
WELL, WE'RE DRIVIN' 'EM BACK!



I HEAR SHOOTIN', INDIAN, AN' I KIN SEE
DUST. THEM HOMBRES IS COMIN' AN'
THEY'RE ON THE PROD!

LET 'EM COME! WE'LL GIT THESE CRITTERS
ACROSS AN' MAKE A STAND ON THE OTHER
SIDE. WE AINT RUSTLERS!



HOLD YER SHOOTIN' PECOS! LOOKS LIKE
THE LAW COMIN'. I KIN SEE A STAR ON
ONE O' THE GENTS— THE HOMBRE ON
THE BALD-FACED ROAN. AIN'T NUTHIN'
TO WORRY ABOUT.

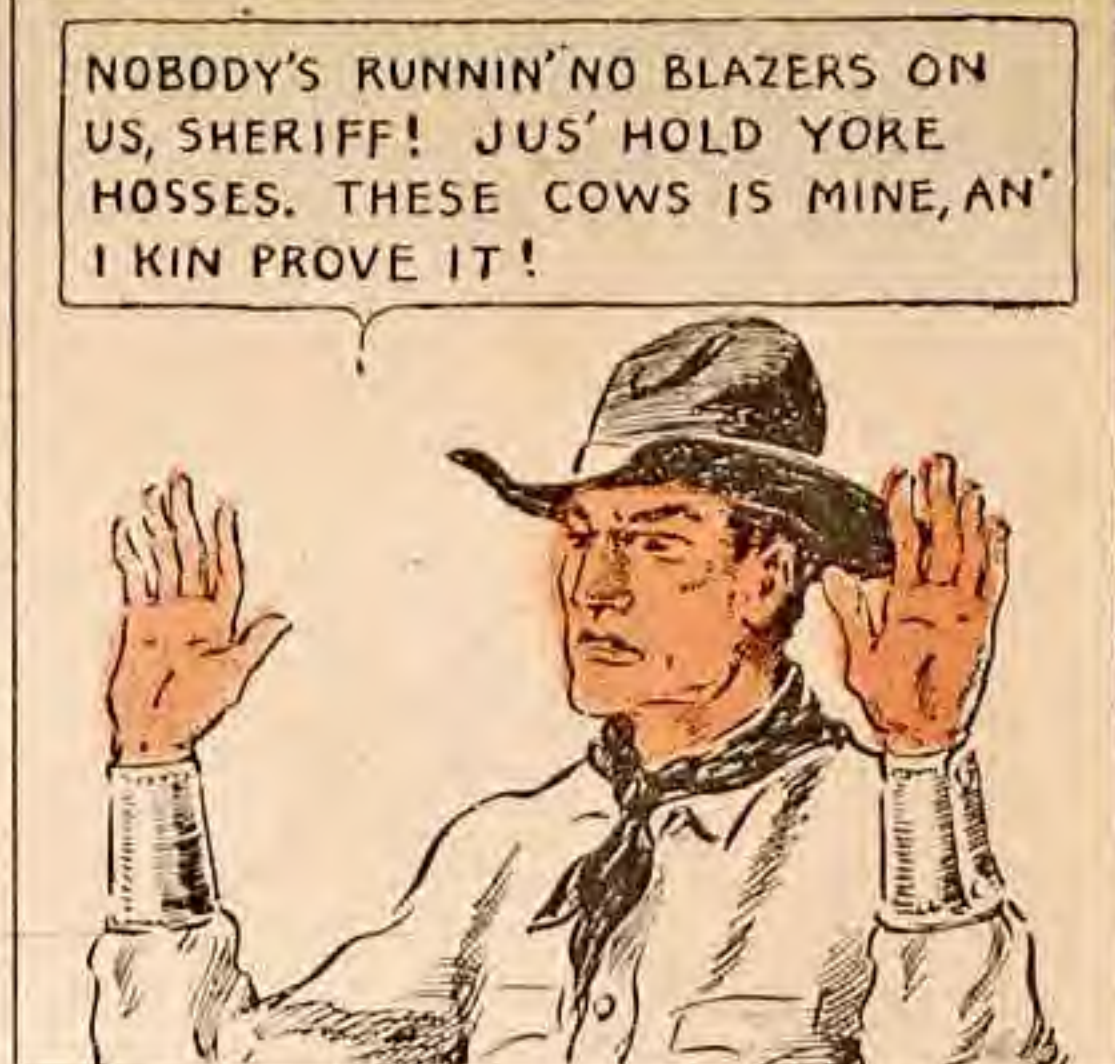


KEEP THEM CLAWS UP! THEM COWS
BELONG TO RED RIVER BRENT, HERE!
CLIMB DOWN OFF THEM BRONKS —
AN' NO QUICK MOVES! KEEP 'EM
COVERED, BRENT!





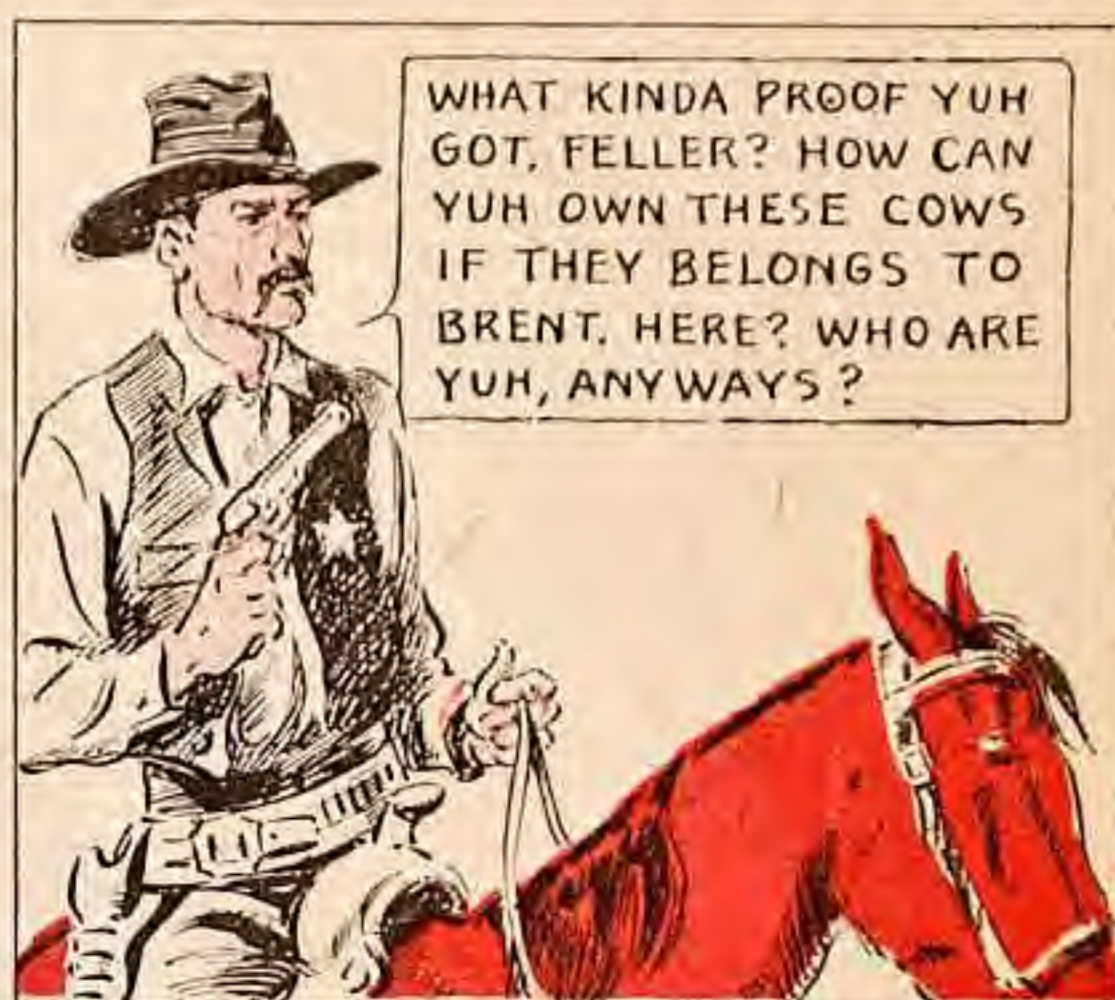
WE GOT PLENTY
ROPES, SHERIFF!
LET'S GIT IT
OVER WIT'. DON'
WANT NO RUSTLIN'
ON THIS RANGE!



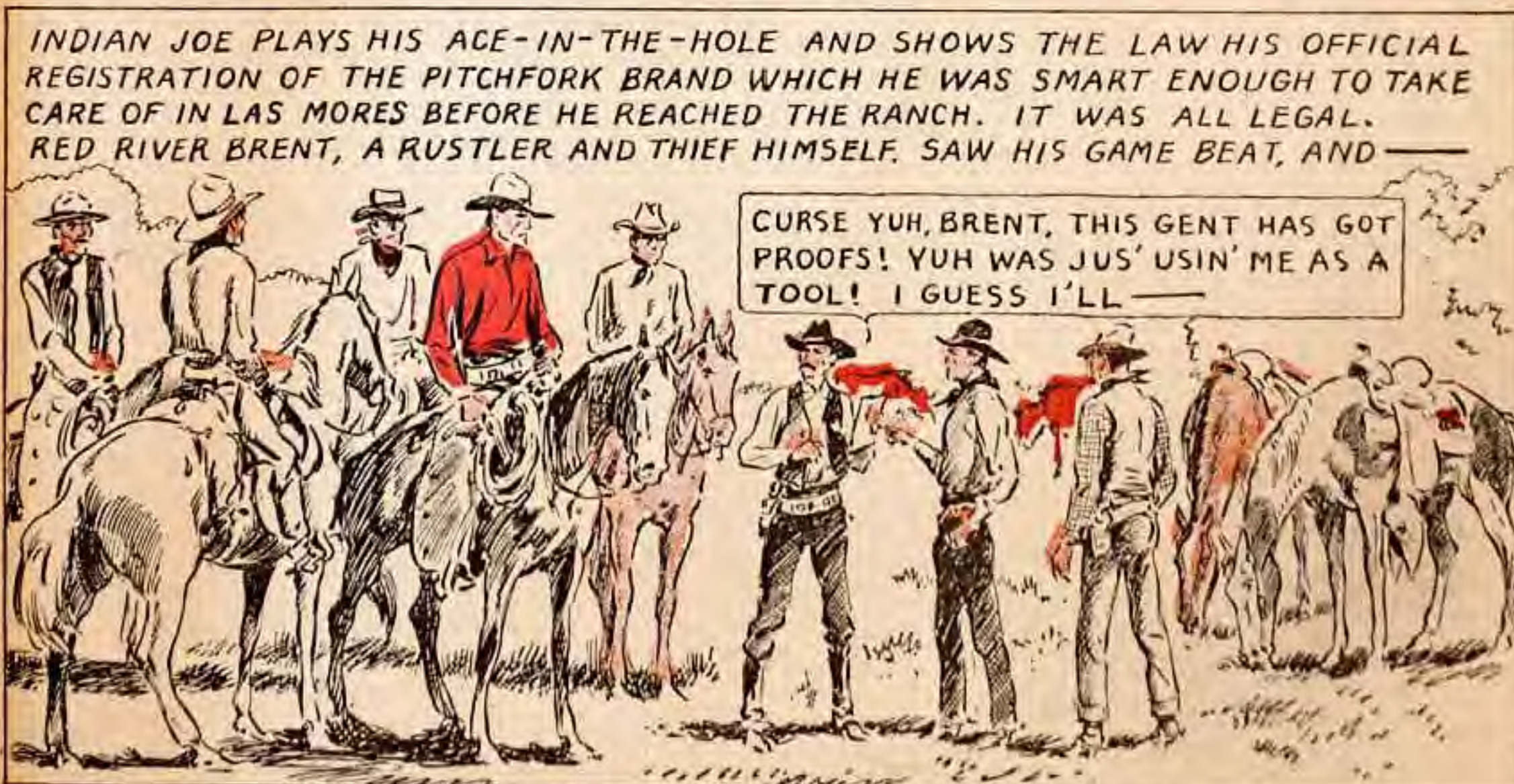
NOBODY'S RUNNIN' NO BLAZERS ON
US, SHERIFF! JUS' HOLD YORE
HOSSSES. THESE COWS IS MINE, AN'
I KIN PROVE IT!



YUH GENTS ARE GOIN'
TO HAVE YORE HANDS
FULL O' DYNAMITE IF
YUH THINK MY PARD
AN' ME CAN BE FRAMED.
DON'T FORCE YORE
TWO-BIT HAND!



WHAT KINDA PROOF YUH
GOT, FELLER? HOW CAN
YUH OWN THESE COWS
IF THEY BELONGS TO
BRENT. HERE? WHO ARE
YUH, ANYWAYS?



INDIAN JOE PLAYS HIS ACE-IN-THE-HOLE AND SHOWS THE LAW HIS OFFICIAL
REGISTRATION OF THE PITCHFORK BRAND WHICH HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE
CARE OF IN LAS MORES BEFORE HE REACHED THE RANCH. IT WAS ALL LEGAL.
RED RIVER BRENT, A RUSTLER AND THIEF HIMSELF, SAW HIS GAME BEAT, AND —

CURSE YUH, BRENT, THIS GENT HAS GOT
PROOFS! YUH WAS JUS' USIN' ME AS A
TOOL! I GUESS I'LL —

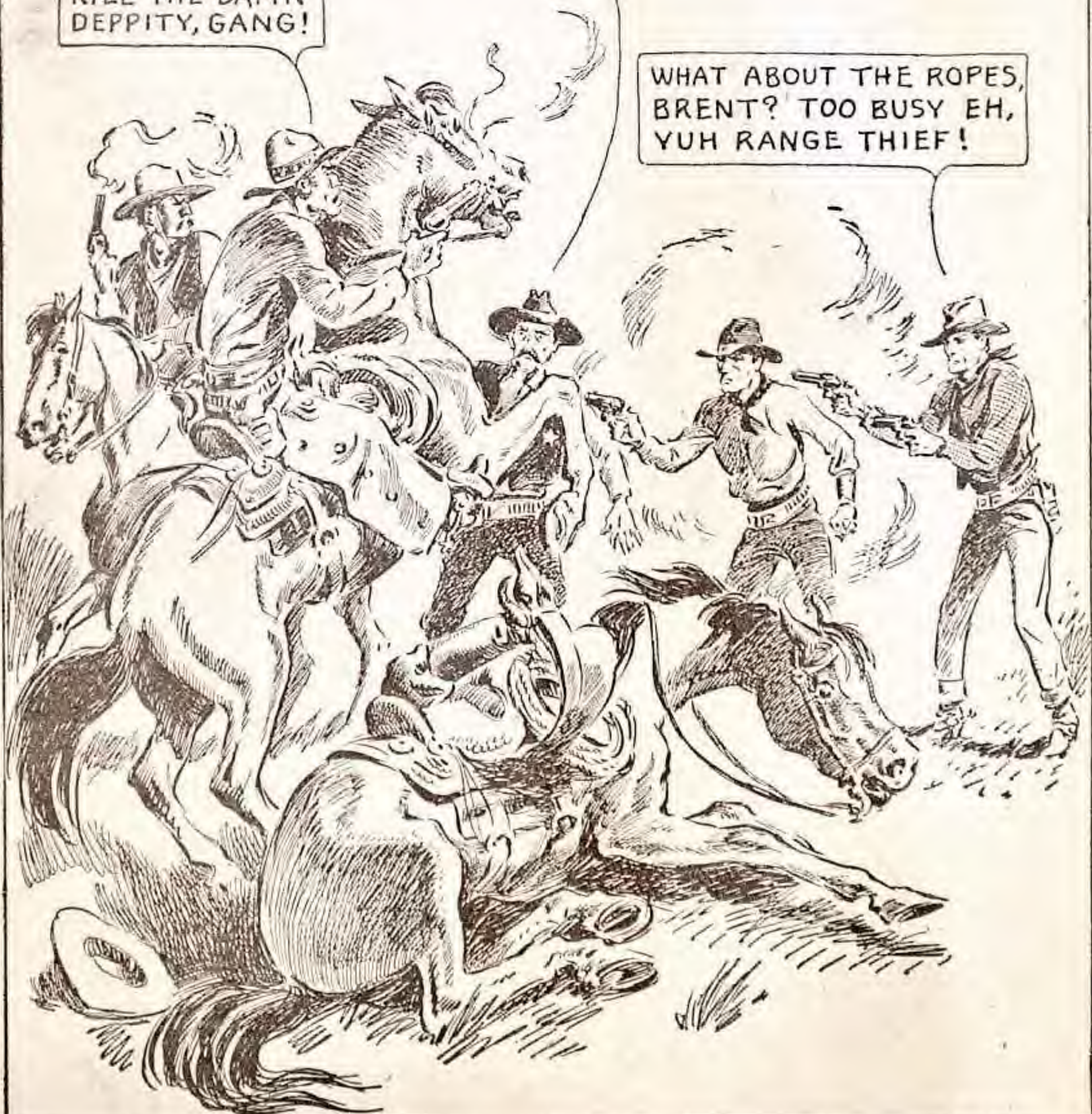
— BUT RED RIVER BRENT SAW HIS ERROR AND ONLY DEATH WOULD WIPE HIS SLATE CLEAN. HE'D OVERLOOKED CHANGING THE BRAND REGISTRATION. NOW HE AND HIS GANG TRIED MURDER TO WIN.

BUT INDIAN JOE AND PECOS WERE GUN-FIGHTERS. THIS WAS THEIR MEAT.

BRENT, YORE A DIRTY
HELLION!

KILL THE DAMN
DEPPITY, GANG!

WHAT ABOUT THE ROPES,
BRENT? TOO BUSY EH,
YUH RANGE THIEF!



THE DIRTY RAT! HE'S
DOWNED THE LAWMAN!



THAT'LL STOP 'IM SHERIFF!



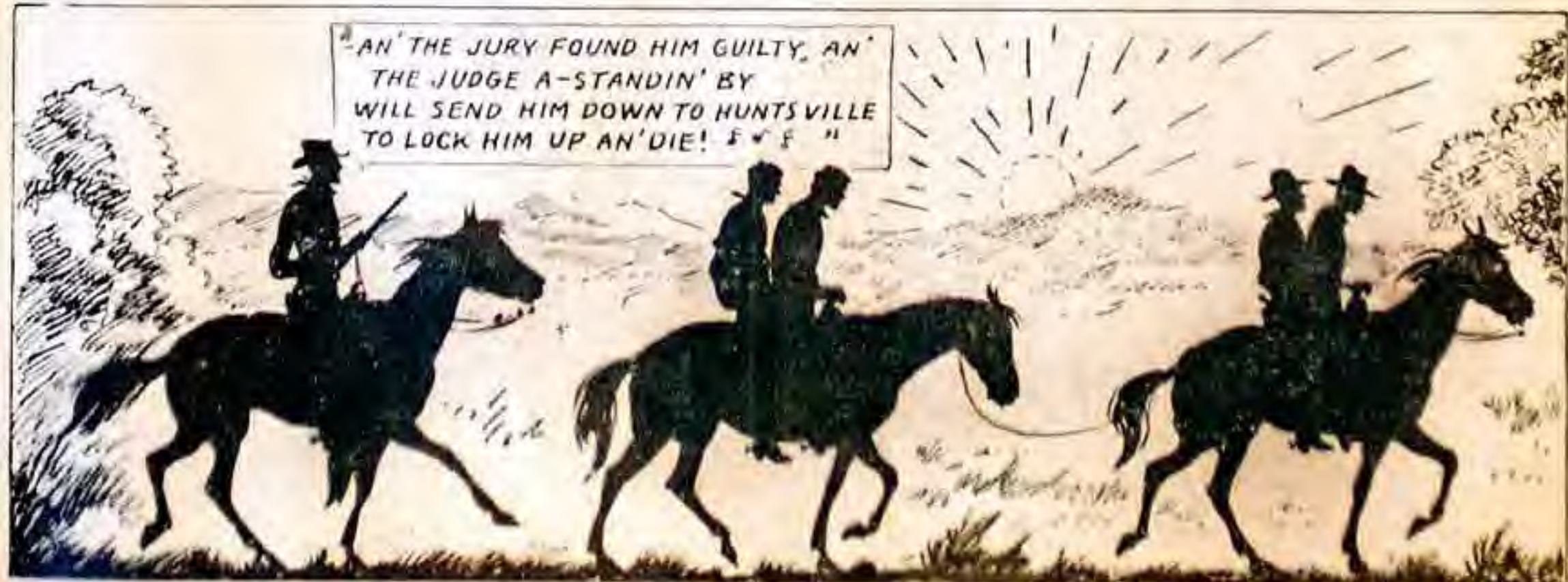
INDIAN JOE AND HIS
PARTNER, PECOS
MADDEN, HARDLY
SCRATCHED IN THE
GUN-FIGHT, SAVED
THE DEPUTY FROM
DEATH IN BRENT'S
DOUBLE-CROSS.
AND INDIAN
PROVES HIS
OWNERSHIP OF
THE PITCHFORK
SPREAD

YOU AN' YORE PARD ARE SURE A PAIR OF GUN-FIGHTIN'
FOOLS, INDIAN. LOOKS LIKE I WAS SITTIN' IN ON A
CROOKED DEAL. BUT BRENT'LL SWEAT IN THE PEN FER
THIS. AN' I'LL GET YOU STRAIGHT ON YORE PITCHFORK
SPREAD— AN' THE COWS.

FLESH WOUND, SHERIFF—
WE'LL HAVE YUH WHOLE-
HIDE IN A JIFFY!



AN' THE JURY FOUND HIM GUILTY, AN'
THE JUDGE A-STANDIN' BY
WILL SEND HIM DOWN TO HUNTSVILLE
TO LOCK HIM UP AN' DIE! F W F "



THE MONSTER MAN

A DICK HENRY ADVENTURE STORY

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

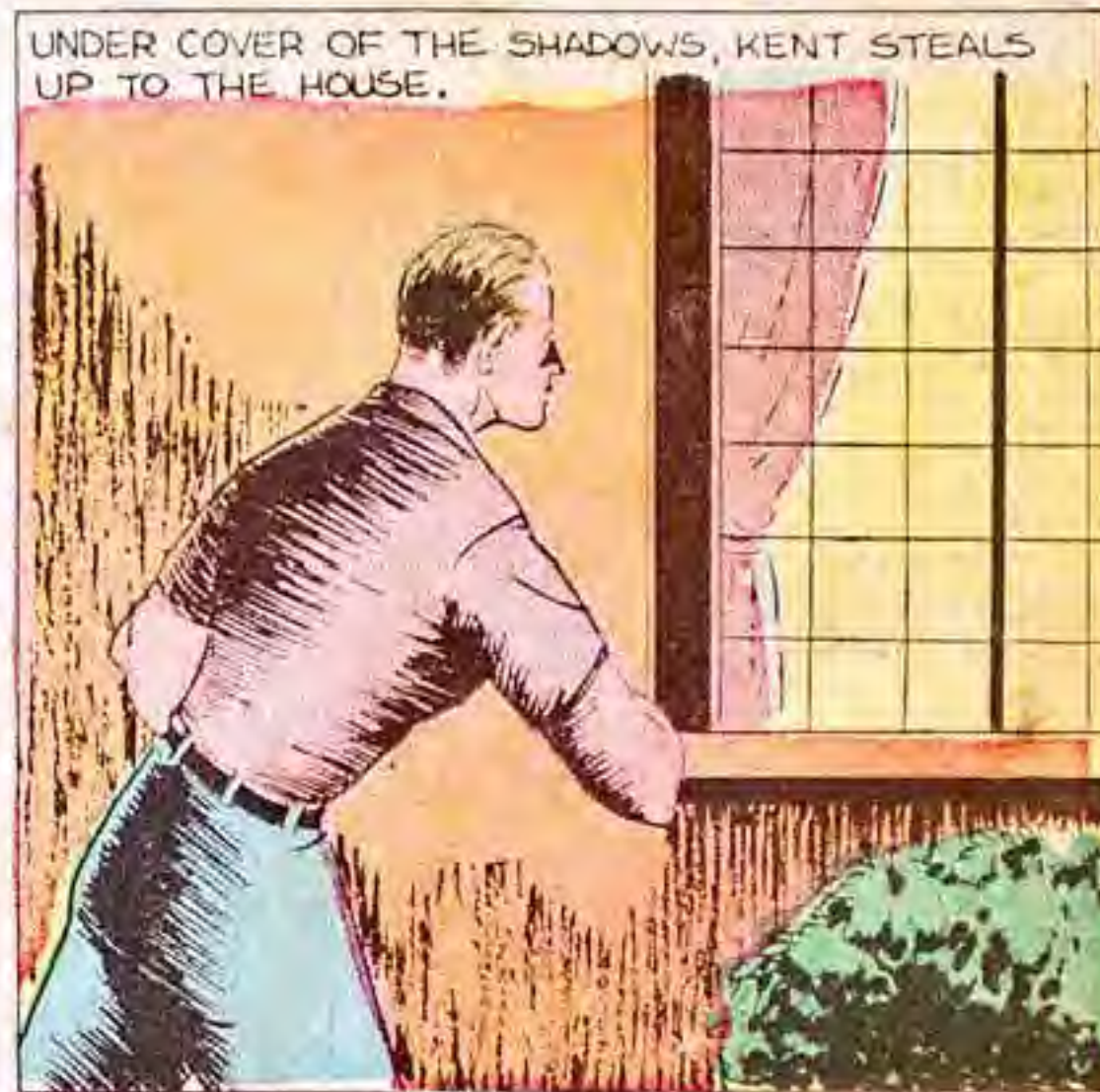
by Dinkyind



A FEW HOURS LATER.

PROF - MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT - I'M OFF TO VAN RIDDER'S ESTATE - IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM ME IN TWO DAYS CALL THE POLICE AND FOLLOW ME!

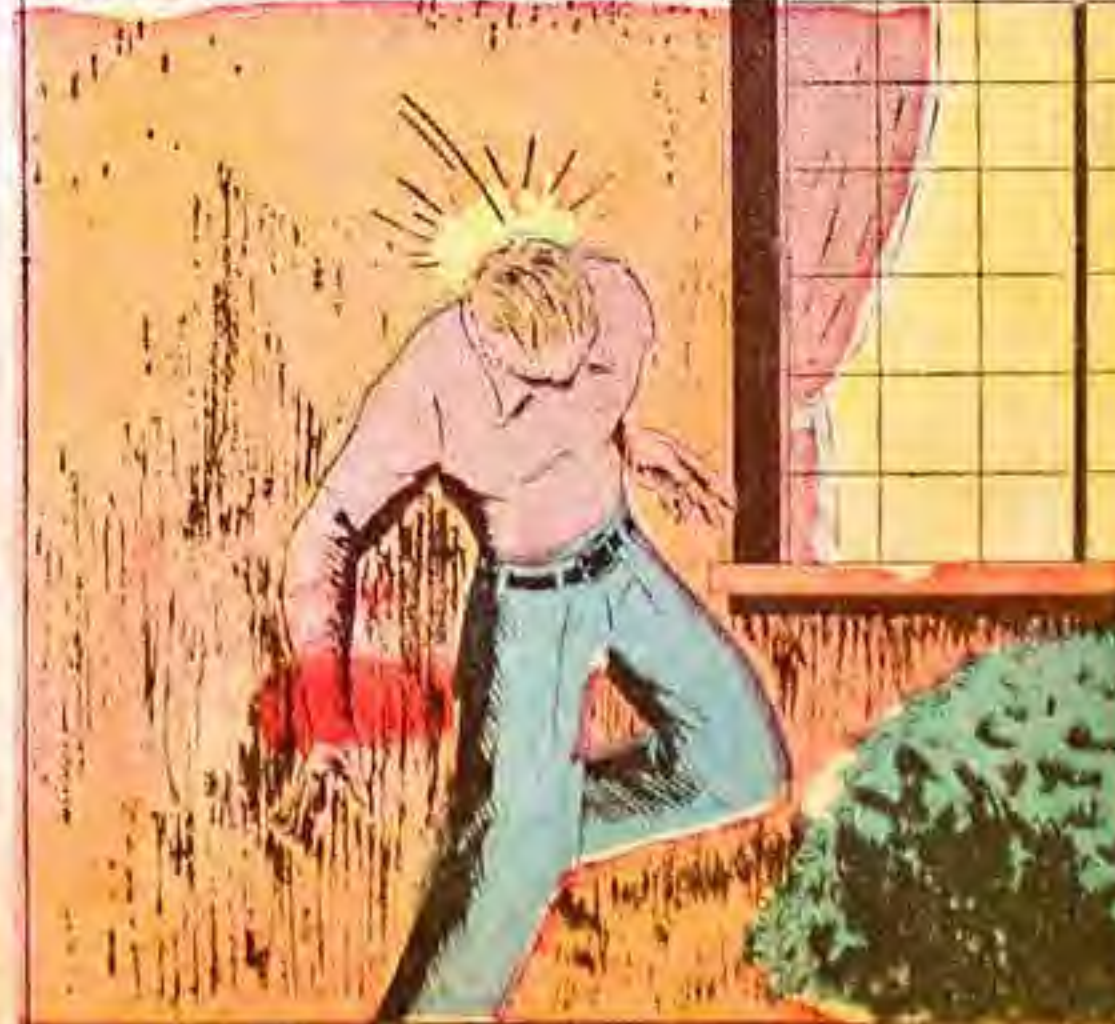
GOOD LUCK, SON! BUT WATCH OUT --- FOR THAT MONSTER!



SUDDENLY HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS --- HE TURNS



AND BEFORE HE CAN MOVE --- ALL GOES BLACK!



THE FOLLOWING DAY—KENT AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF IN A SMELLY LABORATORY.



4 AS RIDDER LEAVES, KENT, WHO HAS LOOSENED HIS BONDS, DARTS OVER TO THE EXPERIMENT TABLE!



LISTEN TO ME, RIDDER—WHERE'S THAT GIRL? IF ANY HARM COMES TO HER I'LL—



I MUST ADMIT THAT I GAVE NO INSTRUCTIONS TO BRING HER HERE. I MERELY WANTED THE FORMULA—HOWEVER, HER APPEARING ON THE SCENE MADE HER CAPTURE VERY NECESSARY. THE FOOL! BUT NOW THAT I HAVE IT NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!



3 YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT STUFF, RIDDER!





ONE MOVE, GENTLEMEN, AND I SHALL
DASH THIS TO THE FLOOR AND BLOW
US ALL TO BITS—HAH—I THINK THAT
WILL STOP YOU—NOW I HOPE YOU
WILL GIVE ME TIME TO SAY "GOODBYE,
'TILL WE MEET AGAIN!"



BUT KENT SUDDENLY WHIRLS AND WITH A BEAUTIFULLY TIMED KICK KNOCKS THE GUN FROM RIDDER'S HAND. AT THE SAME TIME, RIDDER FLINGS THE TUBE TO THE FLOOR DASHING IT TO BITS.



NOTHING HAPPENS! AS THE POLICE STAND THERE STUPEFIED, RIDDER DIVES THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR.



BATTLING

BEAU

BRUMMEL

by
Malcolm
Bruce



*A Hard-Hitting Story
of Quick Adventure!*

Adventure crowded the life of Bob and found him always ready with his maulies. Here is a big story of a big young man in a big city. You'll like him, and his career is a real thriller.

DYNAMITE Devaney jerked on the reins of his team and swore. As a matter of fact he swore many times and in a manner quite shocking to a part of his audience. Before him and behind him were other trucks, and taxis, and each driver now began offering advice to the big "blue-tongued" truckmen who was jamming the traffic. It was early evening in the summer and the long, almost horizontal rays of a retreating sun shone full in the sweat-streaked face of Devaney as he leaned from his perch high above the horses.

It was not the fault of the horses, nor was it exactly Dynamite's fault that he was causing a block in the traffic, but as he jerked forth his whip and began plying it with a will on the helpless animals a window in a taxi close alongside was drawn down and the face of a man appeared, calling to the profane Devaney.

"Shut your face," barked Dynamite with only a glance at the face in the window. He said more, about young fops in soup-and-fish togs that'd better stay in where it was safe. Dynamite had never been a judge of faces.

A moment of this and the door of the taxi was flung open. From it stepped a tall young man of more than pleasing countenance who wore the accepted thing in evening clothes, and an air of mild gentility slightly aroused. With a word of assurance to the girl who leaned toward him from the cab, he approached the plunging horses.

"Put up your whip," he said in a low commanding voice.

But Devaney only swung it more viciously and addressed his best style of profanity direct at the immaculately attired man below.

Taxi drivers and truckmen bounced from their seats, scenting trouble. It was inevitable. As the crowd gathered the man in evening clothes retired to the side of the taxi from which he had but a moment before emerged. Devaney had been right. He was a quitter and was sneaking back to the safety of the machine. Another example of Devaney's poor judgement. The fop was divesting himself calmly of his hat, his gloves, his coat and his cane. Devaney roared with delight. The dude was displaying symptoms of insanity.

For a moment the stranger stood placating the girl who had started to remonstrate with him as he tossed his clothes into the seat beside her. With a final gesture of reassurance he again turned toward Devaney's truck.

Few pedestrians were abroad at the time, but

among those who grouped themselves along the curb was one who looked with speculative eyes on the man whose white, spotless vest was decidedly out of place in such a setting.

"Will you put that whip away?" called the vested one to Devaney. Shirt sleeves were being rolled upward in a workmanlike fashion, and the speculative man remarked to his friend at the curb.

"Judge," he said in a gentle drawling voice, "I think you an' me are goin' to see brains get an awful cockin' from brawn. That's Dynamite Devaney up on that seat."

The Honorable John Yeoman glanced at his friend Ace Martin, and chuckled. For years Martin, he knew, had been managing boxers of every hue and shape. Big ones and little ones had climbed high up the fistic ladder of fame and fortune under the masterful tutelage of the venerable manager. But Yeoman held a different opinion in the present instance.

"I think you're wrong, Ace," he argued. "This looks to me like an example of my argument right now. A fair amount of brawn coupled with brains will destroy twice its own weight in brawn alone. Ho!"

Dynamite was glowering on the upturned face of the man on the ground.

"Fer two bits I'd smack you down wit' dis," he bawled, threatening the other with his whip. "Go crawl back in the coopay wid yer jane an' shut yer face."

The answer to this was silent but sure and Judge Yeoman gripped Martin's arm as the man on the ground leaped.

There came a scream, a tiny muffled appeal, from the girl in the taxi, as her escort sought to clutch the kicking foot of the cursing truckman.

"Come down," he shouted now above the roar of the horns and bellowing of the waiting drivers. "Come down and say that to me again."

DEVANEY leaped from his perch and even as he left the truck he struck out with a wicked, vicious swing aimed at the man beneath him. For a brief moment there was the scurry of feet, the swish of flying arms and hands, then, a sudden dull thud as skin covered bone met its like. The man in evening clothes had landed a clean right hook to the burly truckman's chin. Dynamite Devaney sprawled like one drunk against the heaving body of the nearest horse. As he started to slide to the ground, there came another scream from the taxi and a girl's voice

calling "Bob," but Bob was bent on a complete taming of the brute before him. He grasped the all but helpless Devaney by the collar. Feebly Dynamite tried to fight off his adversary, but Bob crashed a big capable looking open palm full in the other's face and held him propped against the side of the truck.

"Well, I'll be——" Ace Martin stood gaping at the sight before him. Here was material of the highest type, a ringman who could fell an over-sized heavyweight with one punch and hold him as cheaply as this man apparently held Devaney. It was not so long ago that this same Devaney fellow had been touted as a coming challenger for the crown, but he had been found independable and as a consequence became accustomed to dividing his time trucking and ring fighting. He was equally good at both, however, and lasted but a short time at either. Right now he was pretty much hors de combat.

It was a neat job and well done, and as the crowd began to move to the opposite side of the street whither willing hands had partly dragged and partly carried the half conscious truckmen, a few leaped into the gap and proceeded to straighten out the traffic tangle which had steadily grown worse. Devaney's truck was jockeyed out of the wedge and the machines began to move once more.

Ace Martin was standing near surveying the blinking truckman.

"Yep," he declared with a grin, "It's Devaney all right."

However, unhindered by the crowd which was centered about the disillusioned pug, the victor unrolled his shirt sleeves as he returned to his own taxicab. There was a moment's pause at the door of the car and a few hurried words passed between the driver and the young man now once more arrayed in his tuxedo. Another car moved on in the traffic and from an open window shone a girl's face beaming with frank and honest admiration for the man in the street. In that fleeting glance there was a flash of recognition in the eyes of the girl. But the man was heedless of the approving look which glowed for an instant, and then was gone. Bitter disappointment had followed close on the heels of his fistie triumph.

"Go on," he said to the chauffeur as he stepped into the car and closed the door. The machine rolled off to disappear in the swirl of traffic ahead.

"Just' my luck," declared the veteran manager as he turned eastward toward the avenue with his judicial friend. "His car is gone. I might have been able to develop that guy into a champ. You remember Judge—" he went on, and the Honorable John Yeoman listened attentively until the crowded sidewalks of the intervening street swallowed them up. Many a good fighter had been picked up under similar circumstances. Also many a tramp.

CHAPTER II

A Fighting Man

FOR Robert Brummel, as he rode silently in the taxi, the whole evening was a frost, a failure. He was riding alone and for the very good reason that upon his return to the car he had found it empty.

Helen Beresford had left him flat. According to the taxi driver, who answered him with the merest suggestion of a grin, she had departed with some remark about "a disgrace to society" and something more about "two brutes." The driver couldn't just say, but it was evident that she had put him in a class with the roughneck truckman and fled merely because he was doing what he thought was his duty, and right. Protecting her from the profanity of a ruffian and a bully, to say nothing of saving the un-

fortunate horses from undue and unmerciful beating. Bob was a picture of gloom until it occurred to him that she had no doubt taken a taxi herself to the Marlboro and he would find her there when he arrived. There was just a chance that he could patch it up. The dinner dance however was unpromising of success as far as he was concerned for he knew Helen well enough to be sure that the task ahead of him would be no easy one.

Now no one had ever said that Ruth Potter was beautiful. It had been admitted, sometimes begrudgingly, that she was pretty; that there was a wholesome freshness in her face. Now as she rode northward alone in the deep darkness of the taxi her thoughts rushing swiftly backward through years, her face shone with a light that fairly illuminated her temporary moving prison.

All about her danced headlights, and her ears echoed to the rattle and screech of the horns, but the picture in her heart persisted. It was the face of the man—THE man—she had seen. Face to face after what seemed years and years. But instead of evening clothes and silk hat the man she remembered was wearing dirty, mud-smeared olive drab. It was a uniform and she recalled well the devil-may-care angle with which his iron hat was perched on his tousled head. She did not even know his name, but what did that matter. She had seen him again and he was in New York. But that first time.

Ruth Potter had been one of the first of her sex to volunteer her services "over there." As a member of that faithful organization of red cross workers she had been among the first to reach the other side. Week after week, month after month, she had fought besides her sisters against the ravages of dirt and disease, in the battle for life against death. Now she remembered that day up at the first aid station. It was on a narrow dirty road, hardly more than a path, and the morning was cold and cheerless. A bleak wind lashed her face no matter where she stood, and the long marching column of worn and weary faces that passed her still moved by in a vividness that made it seem but yesterday.

It was a picture out of the past that she now saw and in it was engraved more deeply than the rest the face of a man, who was but a boy, and who trudged gamely past bearing another's burden as well as his own. The troops were "going out" for a rest. Theirs had been the brunt of the siege. Night after night they had moved up on the enemy's position, driving him steadily, surely, backward, until now it was given them to rest up, to recuperate for the big drive that was soon to come.

Nobody spoke. It was a silent procession and only the shuffling and stumbling of heavy shod feet vied with the rush of the wind.

She had noticed him more because he appeared to be marching alone as he brought up the rear of a company, and he staggered now and then from side to side of the road. On one shoulder he carried his pack, bulging and thrown together in haste. Across his other shoulder he bore the inert figure of his buddy, a thin, worn out figure of a man whose feet hung loosely in front of the man who carried him. In one hand the big boy carried two rifles and in the other he half dragged, half carried the pack belonging to his buddy.

As he passed he glanced up. Just for a moment. In his eyes there flashed a silent salute to the girl.

"Drop him here," she had called impulsively, but the big fellow only shook his head, and grinned.

"I'm taking him back for a rest," he said, and went on, mumbling something about his "buddy."

CONTINUED—DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE

A COMPLETE NOVELET--

THE

CHRISTMAS KID

A
Spinner Feature

BY

Bert Christman

AUTHOR OF

(THE CASE OF THE BROKEN SKULL)

WELL - I THINK
I'D CALL IT "THE
CHRISTMAS KID" -
TODAY'S CHRISTMAS
YOU KNOW

LOOK, SPINNER -
I FOUND A DOLLY OUTSIDE
IN THE SNOW - WHAT
SHOULD I CALL
IT?

KIND OF
SILLY, ISN'T
IT?

SILLY? - MAYBE - BUT THERE
WAS A REAL "CHRISTMAS KID" -
HE WAS FOUND ON CHRISTMAS TOO -
ONLY IT WAS YEARS AGO IN ALASKA

GEE
WHIZ,
SPINNER!
TELL US
ABOUT
HIM!

WELL - IT WAS EARLY
CHRISTMAS MORNING AND POP
KINGSLEY, AN OLD TIMER IN ALASKA,
WAS MUSHING OVER THE SNOW -
COVERED ICE OF THE YUKON RIVER

LOOKS LIKE A
CAMP AHEAD -
I MIGHT PICK UP
SOME BREAKFAST



WAL - I CAN'T GO OFF
LEAVIN' THE KID - GUESS I'LL
HAVE T' CAMP HERE UNTIL
SOMETHING HAPPENS



SO KINGSLEY
CAMPED ON THE
SPOT FOR A WEEK,
BUT NOTHING
HAPPENED



CHRISTMAS KID, IT LOOKS
LIKE I'M GONNA HAVE TO
BE YOUR POP UNLESS WE
FIND OUT SOMETHING IN
TOWN

BUT NOBODY SEEMED TO KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT THE BABY OR
THE MITTEN, AND POP CALLED THE
KID HIS OWN

YES SIR, MYRA! IT'S
OUR BABY NOW -
GUESS WE'LL JUST
CALL IT THE
"CHRISTMAS KID"
'CAUSE THAT'S
WHEN I
FOUND HIM

SOMEDAY
HE'LL LICK
YOU FER PUTTIN
SUCH A NAME
ON HIM!



AS THE YEARS PASSED
THE CHRISTMAS KID GREW
AND LEARNED UNDER THE
CAREFUL GUIDANCE OF THE
KINGSLEYS - - - - - THEN
DEATH CAME, CLAIMING
BOTH POP AND MYRA WITHIN
THE SAME YEAR -

I DON'T BELONG TO
NOBODY NOW - - - - BUT
SOMEDAY - MAYBE -
I'LL FIND MY REAL
MOTHER AND
FATHER



THROWN ON HIS OWN AT SUCH AN EARLY AGE, THE KID GREW UP TO BE AN EXTRAORDINARY INDIVIDUAL - HE HAD COURAGE, DARING, AND GREAT SKILL, AND HE ALWAYS ADHERED TO THE RUGGED PRINCIPLES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THEY WERE INSTILLED IN HIM BY THE KINGSLEYS - LATER ALL ALASKA WAS TO HEAR OF HIS EXPLOITS AND HE WAS TO BECOME AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE - BUT NOW WE FIND HIM ENTERING A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS, THE GOLDEN GOOSE

LOOK!
THE CHRISTMAS
KID!

LET GO OF
ME, HARRY! -
I TOLD YOU IT'S
ALL OFF!
BILLY - OH,
BILLY!

OH, NO, ROSE -
IT'S JUST
STARTING!

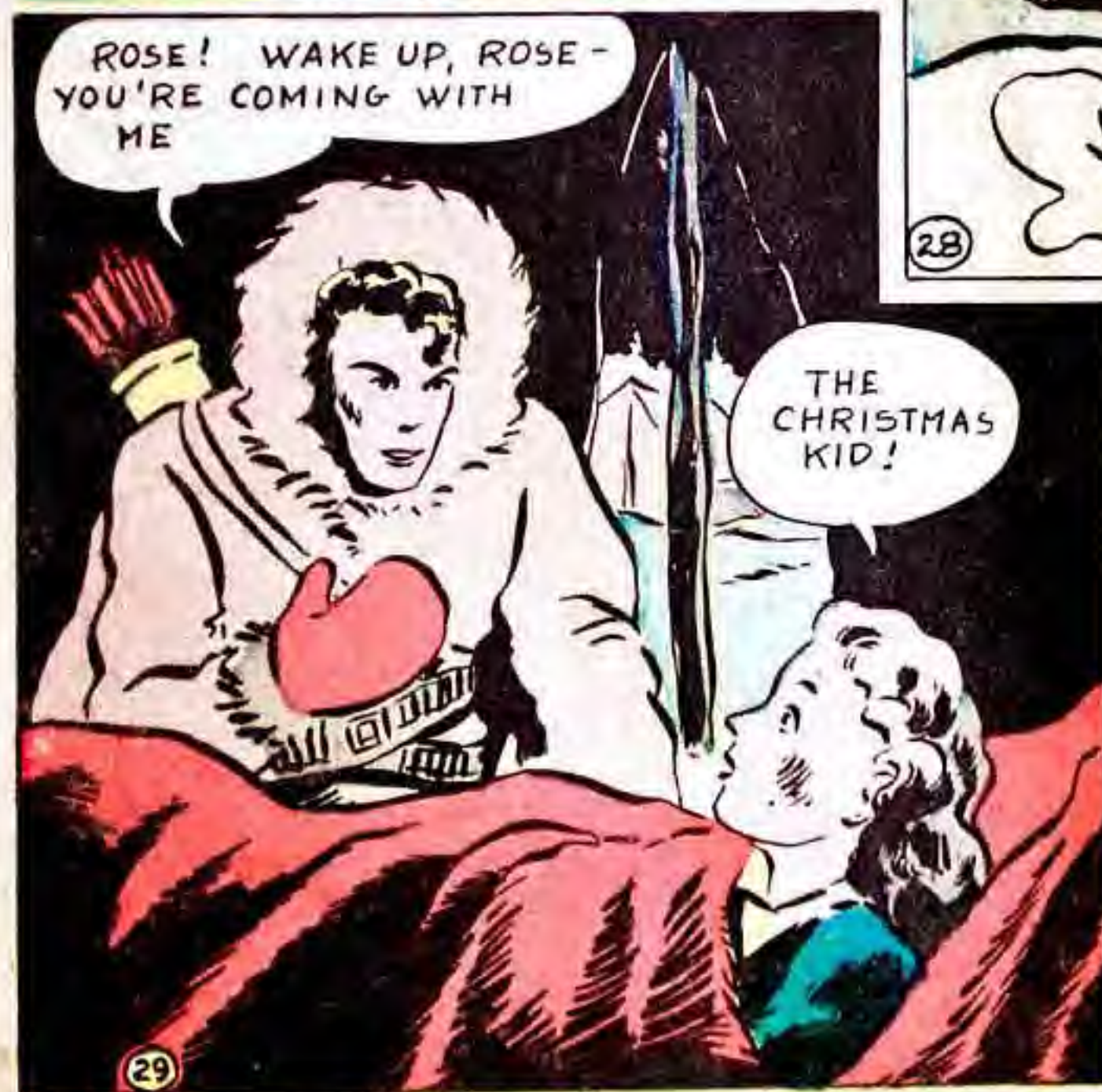
LET GO OF
HER!

THE KID STROLLED INTO THE ROOM,
HIS ATTENTION HELD BY THE TROUBLE
ON THE FLOOR

SO! - YOUR FRIEND
BILLY WANTS TO
PLAY HERO - HE
CAN TAKE THIS!







33
THEN ONE NIGHT THE KID
MADE A DISCOVERY -

SO, BILLY BOY, YOU'VE COME
TO RESCUE ROSE, HAVE YOU?
WELL-YOU'RE A TRIFLE LATE -

THAT BLASTED
CHRISTMAS KID BEAT
YOU TO IT, AND NOW HE'S
KILLING US OFF LIKE
FLIES! AND YOU, BOSS -
IF YOU DON'T TELL ME
WHAT THIS MITTEN
BUSINESS IS ABOUT,
I'M LEAVING!

34
ALL RIGHT - I'LL TELL
YOU - AND BILLY HERE CAN
LISTEN IN TOO BECAUSE
IT'S HIS LAST NIGHT ON THIS
EARTH -

35
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO
REALLY KNOWS WHO THE
CHRISTMAS KID IS, AND I
DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL HE GAVE
HIMSELF AWAY THAT NIGHT
AT THE GOLDEN
GOOSE -

"A YOUNG FOOL HAROLD NOBLE HIRED ME TO
TAKE HIMSELF, HIS WIFE BARBARA, AND THEIR
BRAT LARRY TO THE COAST - HE WAS A MINER
AND HE HAD \$75,000 IN GOLD PACKED IN THE SLED-
WELL, JUST AS WE STARTED TO MAKE CAMP ON
CHRISTMAS EVE, WE HEARD A SNOWSLIDE"

IT'S JUST
ACROSS
THE
RIVER!

COME,
KONOVITCH -
LET'S TAKE
A LOOK

36
THE SLIDE HAD BROKEN
THE RIVER ICE

COLD AND DEEP -
ANYTHING DROPPED IN
THERE WOULD BE
LOST FOREVER

YES?

37
THE FOOL GAVE ME THE IDEA, SO
I JUST SHOVED HIM IN AND THEN
WENT BACK TO CAMP

SOME SIGHT, MRS NOBLE -
HAROLD ASKS
YOU TO COME -
I'LL WATCH THE
BABY -

ALL RIGHT

38

39





AND SO THE DEADLY KONOVTCH GANG MET ITS END, AND ROSE AND BILLY WERE BROUGHT TOGETHER—



The RED RAIDER

A COMPLETE ADVENTURE STORY IN PICTURES—

—by E. MCD. MOORE, JR.

AN UTTERLY EXHAUSTED HILLMAN DELIVERS A MESSAGE TO LIEUTENANT "SMOKY" BATTLE, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OUTPOST AT WAT-WAH—

—AND THEY ARE COMING HERE!



BATTLE SHOUTS AN ORDER. EQUIPMENT CLANKING, TWENTY GURKHA SOLDIERS FALL IN BEFORE HIM—

RANGO OSEF, THE RED RAIDER, WITH A HUNDRED MEN, HAS JUST RAIDED AND BURNED JAMOI VILLAGE, TAKING SLAVES.



HE IS NOW COMING HERE TO ATTACK. MAN YOUR POSTS—SOMETHING IS SURE TO BREAK SOON.



A HALF HOUR DRAGS BY. SUDDENLY, A SINGLE SHOT ECHOES FROM THE JUNGLE. LIKE A BROWN WAVE, SAVAGE MOUNTAIN BANDITS STREAM FROM THE JUNGLE, LED BY A RED-BEARDED HILLMAN, RANGO OSEF, THE RED RAIDER!



OUTNUMBERED FIVE TO ONE, THE VALIANT GURKHAS DEFEND THEIR POSITION—



TIME AND TIME AGAIN THE RAIDERS DRIVE TOWARD THE BARRACKS, ONLY TO BE BEATEN BACK UNDER A DEADLY FIRE. UNDER TERRIFIC POUNDING, THEIR MORALE SUDDENLY SNAPS. AS ONE MAN, THEY FALL BACK IN PANIC!



THE RED RAIDER TRIES DESPERATELY TO RALLY HIS MEN—

COWARDS! DO NOT RUN! THEY ARE FEW AND WE ARE MANY! WE MUST NOT BE CAPTURED!



UNHEEDING, THE OUTLAWS THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS!



RANGO OSEF WHEELS HIS SHAGGY MOUNT AND GALLOPS FOR SAFETY!



BATTLE FIRES TWO SHOTS AFTER THE FLEEING HORSEMAN—

MISSED!—NO, I WINGED HIM!



THE RED RAIDER SWAYS VIOLENTLY IN HIS SADDLE, THEN RIGHTS HIMSELF AND FADES INTO THE JUNGLE!



SERGEANT, TAKE CHARGE OF THE PRISONERS. I'M TAKING TWO MEN AND GOING AFTER RANGO OSEF. HE GOT AWAY, BUT I CAN'T LET HIM STAY AT LARGE!



BUT, LIEUTENANT SAHIB, IS IT NECESSARY THAT YOU CAPTURE HIM? WE HAVE EITHER KILLED OR CAPTURED MOST OF HIS MEN!

LIKE BLAZES WE HAVE! HE HAS FIVE HUNDRED MORE MEN IN THOSE HILLS THAT HE'LL HAVE DOWN ON OUR NECKS BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT, UNLESS I CAN STOP HIM!



BUT YOU MUST TAKE MORE MEN!

I CAN TRAVEL FASTER WITH TWO, AND YOU'LL NEED THE OTHERS TO GUARD THE PRISONERS. SEE THAT THE WOUNDED ARE CARED FOR, AND HAVE THE OUTLAWS BURY THE DEAD—IT'LL KEEP 'EM BUSY!



WITH TWO OF HIS GURKHA FIGHTING MEN, BATTLE SETS OUT ON THE RED RAIDER'S TRAIL. HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT AT THE JUNGLE'S EDGE—

LOOK—BLOOD! I DIDN'T MISS!



AS SWIFTLY AS POSSIBLE, THEY FOLLOW THE HORSE'S HOOF-PRINTS.

HE SLOWED TO A WALK, HERE—YOU CAN TELL BY THE TRACKS. HE MUST BE WOUNDED PRETTY BADLY!



SOME TIME LATER, THEY ENTER THE HILL COUNTRY—

THE TRAIL IS LEADING TO THAT GOAT-HERD'S HUT, SAHIB.

RANGO OSEF MAY HAVE TAKEN SHELTER THERE. WE'LL CLOSE IN FROM THREE SIDES. KEEP UNDER COVER UNTIL I RAISE MY ARM—



BATTLE SIGNALS TO HIS MEN—



VERY SLOWLY AND QUIETLY, HE AND THE GURKHAS CLOSE IN, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF EVERY BIT OF COVER—



IN A FINAL RUSH, BATTLE HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOOR, SMASHING IT IN!



EMPTY!



SHABU—HANZULLAH—THIS PLACE IS DESERTED, BUT THERE ARE FRESH BLOODSTAINS ON THE FLOOR! IT'LL BE DARK IN AN HOUR—WE'VE GOT TO PICK UP THE TRAIL AND FOLLOW IT FAST!



THE GOAT-HERD HAS PROBABLY JOINED THE RED RAIDER, AND THE FARTHER HE GOES THE MORE MEN HE'LL GET. WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE HAS THE WHOLE COUNTRY UP IN ARMS!



FOR A SECOND TIME, BATTLE AND THE GURKHAS PICK UP THE TRAIL. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, IT LEADS THEM INTO A ROCK-WALLED GORGE—



WHILE NOT FAR AHEAD, THE WOUNDED RED RAIDER, HUNCHED OVER IN HIS SADDLE, IS URGED ON BY THE GOAT-HERD—

WE MUST HURRY, RANGO. PERHAPS YOU ARE BEING FOLLOWED!



WH-WHY ARE YOU STOPPING, ALI?

I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE BEHIND US, RANGO.—THERE IT IS AGAIN! SOMEONE IS TRAILING US!



WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD, THE BEARDED HILLMAN DISMOUNTS PAINFULLY.

THOSE ACCURSED SOLDIERS! WE WILL AMBUSH THEM HERE, ALI. PICKET MY HORSE BEHIND THOSE ROCKS.



UNAWARE OF THE TRAP SET FOR THEM, BATTLE AND HIS MEN FALL BLINDLY INTO THE AMBUSH! A RIFLE CRACKS TWICE— THEN SLOWLY SINKS TO THE GROUND!

ONE OF THE GURKHAS DOUBLES OVER,



INSTINCTIVELY, THE TWO SOLDIERS DIVE FOR COVER—



BATTLE QUICKLY LOCATES THE RED RAIDER'S POSITION—

THEY'RE BEHIND THOSE ROCKS, SHABU. HOLD THEIR ATTENTION HERE, WHILE I WORK AROUND ON THEIR FLANK!



THERE THEY ARE, NOW!



BATTLE'S REVOLVER SPITS FLAME. ALL THE OUTLAW GOAT-HERD, SLUMPS OVER HIS SMOKING RIFLE!



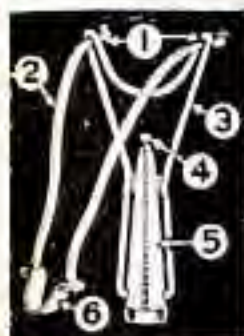
RANGO OSEF WHIRLS TO MEET THE NEW MENACE. WITH A TRIUMPHANT SHOUT, SHABU HURLS HIMSELF ACROSS THE INTERVENING YARDS, SMASHING THE RED RAIDER TO EARTH!



LATER: YOU'RE NOT BADLY WOUNDED, RANGO. YOUR SHOULDER WILL BE ALL RIGHT BY THE TIME YOU STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER. IT'S TOO BAD YOU BECAME A BANDIT, RANGO—YOU WOULD HAVE MADE A FIRST-CLASS SOLDIER!



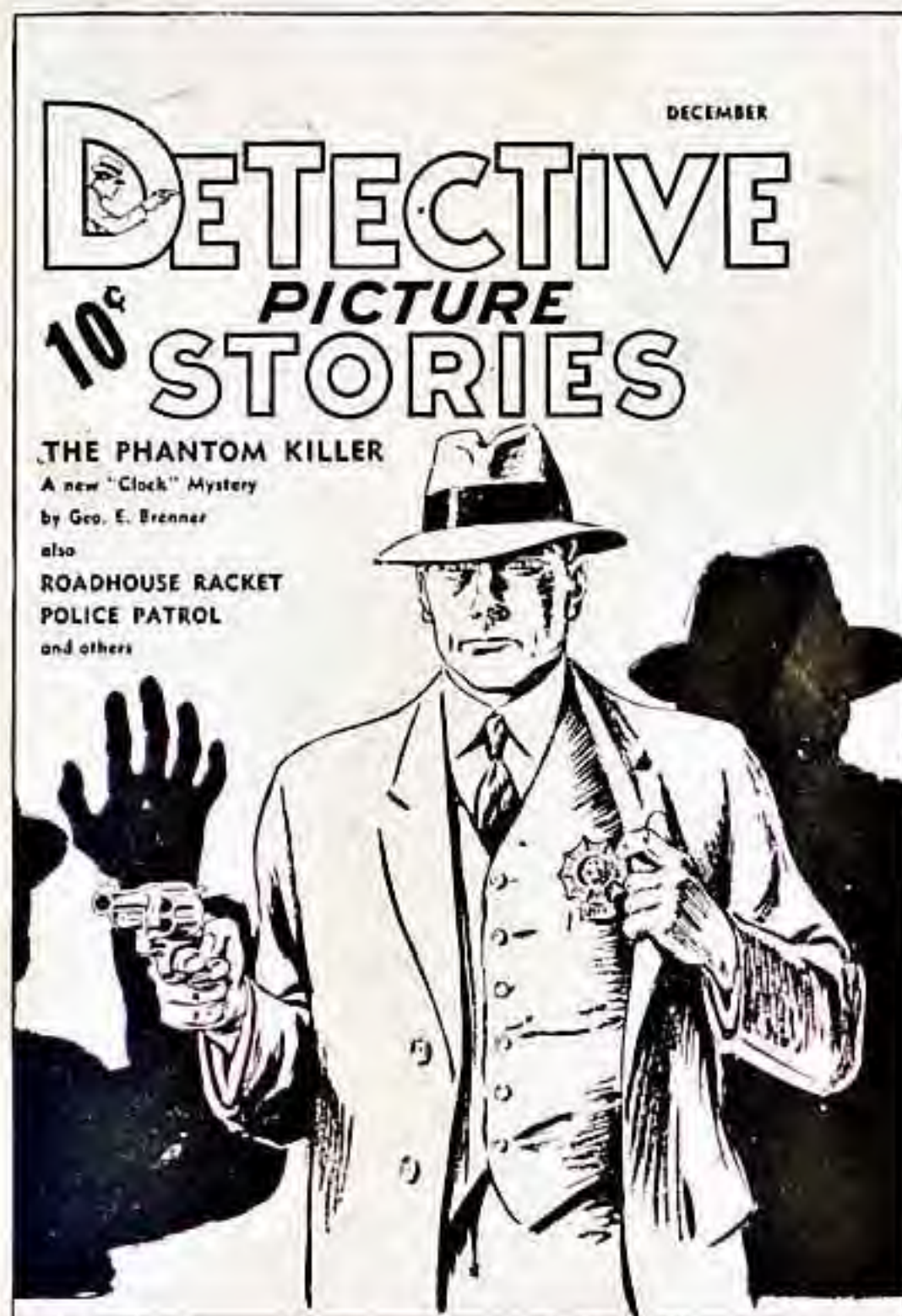
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